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THE HOUR OF DANGER.

THERE can be no doubt that England is now passing through the most dangerous hour which she has been called upon to traverse since the downfall of the First NAPOLEON. Fortunately there is one ray of light in the midst of the gloom. The danger has come upon us in such a form that there is no division of opinion. England can act without hesitation, and without contests of parties or balancing of opposing arguments. The spirited reply of Lord GRANVILLE to Prince GORTCHAKOFF's insolent Circular is the reply of a Cabinet of which Mr. BRIGHT is a member. If Russia wants to know the mind of England, she may know it at once. England, if challenged by a direct deliberate insult, means prompt, earnest, resolute fighting. But although there cannot be the slightest shade of doubt as to the attitude which England ought to assume, there is no use in attempting to conceal from ourselves the extreme gravity of the situation. Immediately after the capitulation of Metz, Russia, thinking France finally and irretrievably stricken down, sent off a notice to the ally of France in the Crimean War that the Treaty of Paris was to be wholly set aside, and that the blood and treasure lavished by France and England was held to have been lavished in vain. But this is not all; it is only a very small part of what England has to face. Russia would not venture to provoke England if Russia could count on no allies. She must either have had an understanding with other Powers, or have calculated that other allies would be inevitably drawn to her side if she stepped forward and gave the signal for a general war. The allies on whose assistance she counted were of course Germany and the United States. If she gained the aid of both, then, with France prostrate, all the help that the rest of the civilized world could bring to England would be of comparatively slight avail. Austria, Italy, possibly Spain, possibly the tiny Scandinavian Powers, would, with Turkey, do what they could to make the contest not a hopeless one. But it is a black prospect, the blackness of which we realize, although we do not think that there is an Englishman who would hesitate, if need be, to encounter it. "Happy England," said the author of the famous article in the *Edinburgh*. "Happy England!" What happiness! Russia throwing the gauntlet in our face; the United States longing to launch the *Alabamas* of the New World to redress the balance of the Old; Ireland burning to exchange sedition for rebellion; and Count BISMARCK goading on his countrymen into quarrelling with England for furnishing France with a twentieth part of the arms furnished by America without comment or objection. Happy England!—happy in her security, and in the foresight and judgment of her PREMIER. At the same time, while the very first duty of Englishmen at this moment is to see how great the danger is and to resolve to meet it, we need not exaggerate anything, or impute evil to others before we are sure of its existence. We are certain that there is a very large section of the German people who would bitterly deplore seeing themselves opposed to England when England is striving to do nothing but to uphold the public law of Europe. In the United States there are many who would shrink from quarrelling with England, simply to hurt her, because she was involved in a contest where the right was indisputably on her side. In Ireland there are Irishmen, let us hope, who have been won over by the liberal and just policy of England in the last two Sessions. Even Russia may hesitate to stake her fortune on the practical assertion of the great doctrine that henceforth the most solemn engagements of nations are to be set aside at the caprice of any party to a treaty. Justice and common sense may still triumph, although what we fear is that in a moment of passion those who love neither justice nor common sense may get the upper hand.

Lord GRANVILLE's reply, if it omits one or two things which might have been appropriately said, is on the essential

point exactly what it should have been. It is perfectly firm; it protests against and utterly scorns and repudiates the pretensions of Russia to set aside the Treaty of Paris because she does not like it. It insists on the obvious truth, that if the Czar may abrogate any one portion of the treaty at his pleasure, he may abrogate all. It indicates in the most plain and pointed manner the disastrous consequences of the wholesale subversion of the scheme of things on which the faith of European nations in each other reposes. The most credulous believer in the theory that England will always yield if she is well bullied must see in every line of Lord GRANVILLE's despatch that this time the worm, if trampled on, will turn. But there is no meeting of boast with boast, or arrogance with arrogance. There is no trace even that England is conscious that this repudiation of the Treaty of Paris is a special provocation to herself. No allusion is made to the singularly inopportune time at which Russia has come forward, or to the unfairness of trying to take advantage of the temporary ruin of France. Lord GRANVILLE deals only with general principles, and utters truths which would be as true and as appropriate in the mouth of any other Power as of England. It is not a specially English doctrine that treaties cannot be set aside except with the express or tacit assent of those interested in their preservation. In taking this course, Lord GRANVILLE has accurately represented the wishes of the nation. If Russia can fairly ask for a modification of the Treaty of Paris, by all means let us do all in our power to meet her legitimate demands. Let us honestly examine every fact, and do justice to the spirit and self-respect of a great nation. Let us not bring on war simply by asserting that we are ready for war. If Russia is willing now to withdraw from her pretensions, every one here would wish that she should see a loophole of escape for doing so. The soft answer turneth away wrath, provided that the giver of the soft answer is in the last resort ready to fight; and with the sad spectacle of the awful horrors of war before our eyes, we can none of us wish that peace should be made impossible by the use of violent language. So long as it is perfectly understood that if Russia, in defiance of the Treaty of Paris, adds a single ship beyond her prescribed number to her naval force on the Euxine, the English fleet will be at once ordered to Constantinople, the more mildly, and fairly, and discreetly we conduct our diplomacy the better. We have no wish for a war with Russia. We abhor all war; we wish Russia to become great and rich and free; to aid us in the civilization of Asia, to have her fair share of power in the world. There was never, even during the Crimean War, any real animosity on the part of England towards Russia. We have lent her vast sums of money; we are interested in her commerce; we prosper through her prosperity. It will only be through such a provocation as Prince GORTCHAKOFF has offered that England could be made to go to war with Russia. But if Russia is bent at all hazards on driving England to war, she will find England perfectly alive to what her honour demands.

At the proper time England would be not only willing but anxious to consider how far the Treaty of Paris should be revised. If it is humiliating to Russia beyond what the safety of Europe rigidly needs, by all means let every trace of unnecessary humiliation be done away. Prince GORTCHAKOFF approaches strong ground when he says that circumstances have made the danger of Russia controlling the navigation of the Danube much less than it used to be. Even if Germany were now to join Russia as an ally, we fully believe that she would only do so on the understanding that Russia should not in any way disturb the arrangement by which the great Eastern outlet of German commerce is kept secured. Germany really stands between Russia and Constantinople. This being so, if all that Russia wants is that she should have enough force in

the Euxine to protect her vast interests in that region, England would be the foremost to meet her wishes in every practicable way. But this is not the time when England can enter into any discussion of the sort. She has now a special duty to perform, and that duty is to France. It has been said that England ought to have protected France against Germany, because France was England's ally in the Crimean War. This view is, we think, altogether unsound. If France, in a matter totally unconnected with the Crimean War, chooses to play the part of a wanton aggressor, she must alone bear the penalty, as she alone hoped to reap the profit of her misconduct. But when Russia claims the right to set aside the Treaty of Paris and to make the efforts of England and France alike barren and null, then England has to think of her old ally. We owe it to France not to suffer the slightest infraction of the Treaty of Paris until she as well as ourselves is in a position to consider, in a manner worthy of her, what new arrangement shall be made. France is powerless now, but we are not; and we must do all we can for France, no less than for ourselves, in combating these novel pretensions of Russia. The first thing we have got to do, if we can, is to ensure that Russia shall withdraw her preposterous claim to decide for herself when she shall pronounce a treaty, concluded by all the Great Powers, no longer binding on her. The next thing we have to do is to let her understand that, although we, for our part, shall be quite ready to discuss at a convenient time what modifications should be made in the Treaty of Paris to meet the legitimate demands of Russia, we will not listen to any proposal for discussing such modifications until France can join in the discussion. Adhering firmly to these two bases of our conduct, we shall either maintain peace with honour, or enter on war with an absolute conviction of being wholly in the right; and we are glad to say that everything shows that Lord GRANVILLE may be trusted to adhere to them as firmly as we could wish.

#### RUSSIA AND THE TREATY OF 1856.

THE matter of Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular might have been confidently conjectured as soon as it was known that he proposed to unsettle the arrangements of 1856. The only stipulations which are really felt by Russia to be onerous and embarrassing are the restriction imposed on the maintenance of a naval force in the Black Sea, and the exclusion of ships of war from the passage of the Dardanelles. The Russian Government may not perhaps at present intend to restore the fortifications of Sebastopol, though a fleet would require a naval arsenal, and probably a fortified harbour. It is undoubtedly mortifying to the national pride that foreign Powers should have a right to interfere with the armaments which may be thought necessary or desirable, and the grievance is said to be aggravated by the insecurity of the only remaining European outlet to the ocean. The same treaty provides against the concession, by Norway to Russia, of any port on the North Sea; and the Baltic is always liable to be closed by an enemy who is stronger at sea. During the Crimean war no Russian vessel could safely leave Cronstadt, although Prussia was friendly and Denmark neutral. The North German navy which will be constructed as soon as the Confederation has leisure to attend to its maritime resources will occupy stations between the Russian ports and the Belt. The foresight of PETER the GREAT and the efforts of his successors have given Russia a respectable navy; but it is impossible to overcome natural disadvantages of position. The sense of confinement and restraint has been one of the principal motives of the cherished designs of Russia on Constantinople. The free passage of the Straits, if it were allowed by treaties, would in time of peace give access to the Mediterranean; but the transit must necessarily be at the mercy either of Turkey or of an enemy who was master of the sea.

The Straits were closed to ships of war long before the Treaty of 1856, and consequently the entrance of the English and French fleets into the Black Sea in the autumn of 1853 might be treated by Russia as an act of war. The great fortress of Sebastopol, and the fleet which lay in its harbour, constituted a standing menace to Turkey. The formidable character of the peril was sufficiently proved by the celebrated siege, and by the inability of the allied navies to inflict any serious damage on the enemy. At a great cost of life and of treasure, the victors acquired the right of providing as far as possible against the recurrence of similar conflicts. Since 1856 neither Turkey nor the Western Powers have had to apprehend a sudden attack on Constantinople. An invasion by land would, as the Emperor NICHOLAS found

in 1828, be difficult and uncertain. The Treaty of Unkar Skelessi which was extorted by the threat of a naval attack, and the destruction at a later period of the Turkish fleet in the harbour of Sinope, could not be forgotten by the negotiators of 1856. It is expedient, if possible, in arranging terms of peace, to avoid verbal contracts which necessarily require an external sanction. The assignment of territories or fortresses to Powers which are capable of protecting their own possessions provides its own security. On the other hand, a defeated belligerent who purchases peace by a promise is always likely, after a recovery of strength, to be tempted into evasions of his undertaking. France was prohibited, by her own engagement embodied in the Treaty of Utrecht, from fortifying Dunkirk; and at the conclusion of every subsequent war down to the Revolution the same restriction was renewed; but each successive treaty had scarcely been signed when complaints were made of the violation of the pledge, and no French Government would have ventured to announce to its own subjects its intention of complying strictly with the letter and spirit of the agreement. The treaties which provided for the settlement of Europe after the fall of NAPOLEON were practically operative only as far as they effected material changes. The promise of the German princes to give representative Constitutions to their respective States was utterly disregarded, and as soon as ALEXANDER found that Liberalism was not consistent with autocratic despotism, he commenced the encroachments on the covenanted franchises of Poland which have been completed by his successors.

It was not from any neglect of the lessons of experience, but through the necessity of the case, that the stipulations which Prince GORTCHAKOFF now repudiates were included in the Treaty of 1856. The limitation of the Russian navy in the Black Sea to a mere police squadron bore a direct reference to the cause and purpose of the war. No other means could be devised for the security of Turkey from aggression; and consequently the hardship inflicted on Russia was neither wanton nor excessive. All parties were fully aware that a Russian fleet in the Black Sea would be primarily intended to attain the object which the Allies had resolved to render impracticable. As the construction of a navy was not physically impossible, it remained to provide against the danger by the most solemn obligation which a State can undertake. Voluntarily, though not of her own goodwill, Russia accepted the conditions on which alone relief could be obtained from a ruinous and hopeless war. The terms were originally proposed by Austria as a neutral who might perhaps have joined the Western alliance if her suggestions had been obstinately refused. The English nation was at the time fully equipped for the continuance of the war, and popular feeling was rather disappointed than satisfied by the conclusion of peace. The Emperor of the FRENCH, although he had accomplished the chief purposes which he had proposed to himself in the war, could not have deserted his more determined ally. Prussia, which had throughout favoured the cause of the defeated belligerent, took part in the negotiations and in the final settlement, and Russia deliberately made the required concession for full and sufficient consideration. The treaty is as binding as any compact which has been or could be framed, nor have the reasons which influenced the demands of the Allies since lost any part of their force. A Russian fleet in the Black Sea would be as dangerous to the general peace in 1871 as in 1856.

If the Russian Government has been led to repudiate the treaty because France is no longer able to enforce its stipulations, the North German Government will perhaps hesitate to acknowledge the principle that conditions of peace imposed on a defeated belligerent are only binding as long as he is too weak to infringe them. When the present war comes to an end, the treaty of peace may not improbably contain restrictions on French armaments and fortifications. As long as the exhaustion of an unsuccessful war continues, engagements of the kind are worthless, inasmuch as the State which has recently been compelled to sue for peace may be trusted not to renew the war. It is to the subsequent period of recovered strength and of reviving confidence that undertakings of partial disarmament are intended to apply. The reversal of unpalatable territorial arrangements, though it may be more difficult than a simple breach of contract, is neither more nor less unjustifiable. The possibility of a binding compromise is even more essential to the interests of the weaker litigant or belligerent than to his more fortunate adversary. If Russia had not in 1856 surrendered the right to regulate her own naval armaments in the Black Sea, the Allies would probably have insisted on

some material sacrifice which would have been more severely felt. In the middle ages it would have been no kindness to captives in war to prohibit or invalidate the customary agreements for ransom. If Prince GORTCHAKOFF had tendered any adequate substitute for the provisions of the Treaty of 1856, his proposals might have deserved candid consideration; but it would be better for England to run the risk of a violation of the contract than to become a party to its simple abrogation. Nothing could be gained by unreciprocated concessions, or by the formal abandonment of a policy which has been maintained by several generations of statesmen.

As Prince GORTCHAKOFF has directly repudiated the obligations of the Treaty of 1856, Lord GRANVILLE had an easy task in exposing the injustice and immorality of the announcement; but his despatch might have been made even more conclusive in argument and more peremptory in the denunciation of a daring outrage on the faith of treaties. The grievance of the cession of Moldavia and Wallachia is almost as cynically frivolous as the reference to the invention of ironclad vessels, which, according to Prince GORTCHAKOFF, tends to derange the balance of power between Russia and Turkey. Lord PALMERSTON strongly opposed the union of the Principalities, on the express ground that it might facilitate Russian aggression. In answer to an insolent repudiation of the obligation of the treaty, it was scarcely necessary to intimate that a moderate and courteous overture to the same effect might perhaps have been favourably received. The declaration that England wholly rejects the arguments and conclusions of the Russian Note is firm and decided. There is no need for a diplomatic rupture in consequence of a verbal communication, until some act has been performed in violation of the treaty. If the national spirit of England has not become extinct, there are still ample means of checking the ambitious projects of Russia. The greatest of naval Powers has not ceased to be formidable on the Dardanelles or in the Black Sea, and, with English aid, Turkey would be able to offer a vigorous resistance to invasion by land. To Austria and Hungary the question of Russian encroachment on Turkey possesses vital importance, and it is known that the Austrian Government fully appreciates the gravity of the occasion. On the other hand, it is not impossible that Russia may have an understanding with the United States, especially as the obscure reference to the passage of the Straits by foreign men-of-war seems to be founded on an eccentric movement of an American squadron which visited Constantinople a year or two ago. Before a navy can be built in the Black Sea, or an arsenal created, the circumstances of Europe may have changed. It is well known that the financial condition of Russia is not satisfactory, nor is it to be supposed that the Government is ready for war. In the meantime the answer of the North-German Government will be expected with anxious curiosity. The Russian orders and honorary commissions which have been recently lavished on German princes and generals will certainly not affect the policy of the Cabinet. If the supposed pretensions of Russia are received with favour, it may be confidently assumed that something is to be given in return for connivance or assistance. It must be a highly valuable consideration which would at the present moment induce Count BISMARCK to adopt the proposition that treaties are no longer protected by public law and by national good faith. Nevertheless Count BERNSTORFF's vexatious remonstrances, and the tone of the German press, confirm the prevailing suspicion that Count BISMARCK cherishes designs not altogether friendly to England. If Russia takes the initiative in recommending to France the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, it may be confidently inferred that her support has been purchased by concessions on the part of the North-German Confederation.

#### THE WAR.

**T**HIE nature and extent of the success achieved by the Army of the Loire may now be accurately estimated. It was undoubtedly a success; but it was only a small success; and the effort that achieved it has not been followed up. An army of 20,000 Germans, being on the point of being enveloped by an army of 100,000 French, retreated in good order to a point where it was left undisturbed to receive reinforcements. But, although the retreat was conducted in good order, it was not begun quite soon enough, and was not effected without one or two blunders being committed. The consequence was that not only were a few hundred Germans killed in the skirmishes that preceded the retreat, but a considerable body of prisoners fell into the hands of the French. There was nothing like a battle. A movement of German

troops that had become necessary was so carried out that these troops gained a position of safety. From a military point of view the result of the operations of the 9th and 10th was by no means favourable to the French. The Mobiles fought by all accounts really well, and France has got so low that Frenchmen are unfeignedly thankful that Frenchmen, with a numerical superiority of five to one, can actually make Bavarians fall back. Considering all the difficulties they have had to encounter, the gathering together of a hundred thousand disciplined soldiers on the Loire is highly creditable to the Government that gathered them together, and to the general who disciplined them. But it tells much more against the real value of the Army of the Loire that it should have paused after making the Germans retreat, than that it should have made them retreat. If indeed the object of General D'AURELLES is to hold the united forces of VON DER TANN, the Duke of MECKLENBURG, and Prince FREDERIC CHARLES in check while the French army of the West marches to the relief of Paris, he may be wise in encountering a great risk for the chance of a great success. But the Army of the Loire has, so far as concerns itself, lost its chance. The Duke of MECKLENBURG has joined VON DER TANN, and Prince FREDERIC CHARLES is now in a position to co-operate with them. The Army of the Loire is threatened by a German force which cannot be much short of 140,000 men. A great general in the position of D'AURELLES, with trustworthy troops, would naturally have tried to crush VON DER TANN, the Duke of MECKLENBURG, and Prince FREDERIC CHARLES in succession. This is precisely the kind of operation in which the genius of the First NAPOLEON shone, and by which he checked, with very inferior and poor troops under his command, the advance of the Allies in 1814. If General D'AURELLES had been a NAPOLEON he might perhaps, with the Army of the Loire, have saved Paris. As it is, he will have with his Mobiles to fight a great battle against a combined force of some of the best soldiers in the world, flushed with victory, and led by a commander who has given every reason to his troops to believe that they must win under him. M. GAMBETTA, immediately after the capture of Orleans, proclaimed that he now expected the Army of the Loire to march at once to the rescue of Paris. But his expectations have not been fulfilled. The general who commands the Army of the Loire has paused, has resumed the defensive, has waited to see what steps the Germans will take to crush him. He may have been right. He may have judged the worth of his troops only too accurately. But it cannot be said that hitherto he has been a successful general. Rather he seems at present to be a general who has had, and thrown away, the opportunity of success.

There is nothing new as to Paris, unless it is true that in the balloon captured by the Germans a letter was found from M. JULES FAUVE to M. GAMBETTA, stating that by the end of November Paris would have exhausted its whole supply of meat. After that the Parisians, troops and civilians, will have to fight and live on bread and wine. No one can believe that a populace of two millions will long endure extreme starvation. No one can believe that half-starved troops could be used with any hope of success against the Germans. Another week has passed, and no serious effort to intercept the communications of the Germans has been made. They are reasonably well fed, and to a great extent protected against the winter. Their leaders are confident that while Paris is starving the besieging force will always have enough to eat. It is even said that a store of provisions is being accumulated for the relief of the city after it capitulates. General MANTEUFFEL has not gone forward beyond Verdun, in order that he may not tax unnecessarily the power of Germany to forward supplies; while he relies on always being ready and able to check any efforts of the North of France to relieve Paris. Inside Paris there are, it is said, voices bold enough to begin to cry out that Paris is not called on to sacrifice herself altogether for the rest of France, which gives her no aid. Everything points to the probability that TROCHU with his half-million of soldiers will try a great sortie, and that, if it fails, and if no provincial army achieves a great success, Paris will, after a short endurance of extreme suffering, give in. It is impossible to say whether there is any chance of TROCHU's great sortie, when he makes it, being successful. Theoretically it seems strange that half a million of soldiers, with a thousand field guns to support them, cannot somehow find a weak point in a circle of investment thirty-six miles long. But it is equally strange that BAZAINE could not get out of Metz. The only great difference between the two cases seems to be that, if BAZAINE had at a great sacrifice got a large body of troops clear of Metz, he would have had nothing to do with them except to get them as well as he could to some part of

France where they might have been safe; whereas if TROCHU could once throw a determined body of men on the line of the German communications, he would place the besiegers in a position of great difficulty and danger. It can only be repeated over and over again that General von MOLTKE must know this far better than anyone else; and if it is true that the difficulties as to the armistice came more from the military advisers of the KING than from Count BISMARCK, it must be taken that General von MOLTKE has no great fear of sorties from Paris. Why the grand display of German artillery so long announced is still postponed can only be a matter of guesswork. Sometimes we hear that the Germans are not ready; sometimes that the KING shrinks from inflicting the horrors of a bombardment; sometimes that the bombardment is delayed until it shall come as the crowning horror to poor wretches worn out with suspense and hunger. The latter seems perhaps the most probable explanation. If the bombardment were tried now, its effect might only be to give confidence and enthusiasm to troops engaged in making a great sortie. If the sortie is repulsed, and Paris begins really to starve, then the spirit of the people may perhaps be broken by the superadded calamities of a bombardment.

The whole aspect of the war may be changed by the sudden and unexpected broadside which Russia has fired into the breast of neutral Europe; but even if the war still remains localized, and the duel between France and Germany is fought out without the bystanders entering the field of combat, the new pretensions of Russia must inevitably exercise a considerable influence on the issue of the war. The Germans will find in what has now been put forward as the claim of Russia a very strong argument for declining to take from France anything short of strong positions, to be held in uncontested ownership by Germany. Every other form of treaty will be, they may urge, delusive. England will now take the lead in declaring the necessity of abstaining from binding herself by engagements which some Power or other is perpetually trying to evade. The notion of our guaranteeing anything whatever as to Alsace and Lorraine has never been more pitilessly criticized and effectually exploded than in the columns of the journal that had the courage to recommend it. If France and Germany are to be left to settle entirely between themselves the terms of peace, Germany will wish to have those terms of such a nature that they may be easily understood and easily kept. Stipulations as to the number of forts which France is to dismantle and keep dismantled will seem as unsatisfactory as stipulations as to the number of ships Russia is to keep in the Euxine. The one thing as to which there can be no doubt is that Germany is left in possession of so much of what before the war was French territory. The Germans have throughout stuck to this text; they want bits of soil to hold as their own, and not agreements as to what other people are to do or are not to do. The difference is that now the neutral Powers cannot meet them with the argument that the French may be safely trusted to keep such an agreement. The doctrine supported by Russia is, that any Power that does not like an agreement by which it is bound may at any time declare that it will no longer be bound by it. The French, according to this, might at any moment begin fortifying Strasburg as much as they liked, if it were left French on the condition that it was not fortified. The Germans think very reasonably that it is much simpler for them to keep it in their own hands, and fortify it on their own account. The amount of territory they are to have is of course open to discussion; but the claim to have territory altogether as their own, if they have anything at all, is greatly strengthened by the course which Russia has now adopted. Mr. CARLYLE's mode of regarding history is so exclusively his own, that it is scarcely necessary to criticize it from the point of view of other people. When a man honestly believes that the robbery of Strasburg by LOUIS XIV. was the work of the Devil, and the robbery of Silesia by FREDERICK was the work of God, there is no arguing with him. His God and his Devil are equally his own invention, and are puppets playing the parts he assigns them. In real life it would create the most pernicious confusion if historical occurrences, centuries old, were dug up to guide the course of men at the present day. The Germans hold Metz and Strasburg, and the only question is whether the French can make them give up both or either, or if neutrals have any grounds for trying to persuade them to do what the French cannot make them do. Bystanders are apt to discuss such points very much in the spirit in which the unfortunate M. THIERS now tells us he conducted the negotiations for an armistice. Everything went with him so pleasantly and smoothly as long as he shut his eyes to the

real facts of the case. The Germans are wearing what they win with the sword; and they will certainly keep, if they can, all that on a careful survey of political and military considerations it may seem advantageous to them to retain.

#### THE ELECTION OF PRINCE AMADEUS.

IT sometimes happens that the justification of a political measure is to be found in the arguments which purport to show that it is impossible or absurd. As men are governed rather by instincts and motives than by logical reasons, their adoption of a course which can be represented as paradoxical affords some proof that it is, if not necessary, at least attractive and natural. An impartial moderator presiding over the recent debate in the Spanish Cortes would probably have admitted that Señor CASTELAR's attack on the candidature of the Duke of AOSTA was more effective than the Minister's defence; yet at the close of the discussion the day for the election of a King was fixed by a majority of more than three to one, and many of the supporters of the Duke of MONTPENSIER subsequently announced their intention of voting, after their own candidate should have been rejected, for the Duke of AOSTA. The decisive majority of Wednesday in favour of Prince AMADEUS made it unnecessary, however, to claim the fulfilment of their promise. The members of the Cortes were probably ready to admit that the importation of a foreign sovereign was an anomalous experiment; but, on the other hand, they could not maintain a Monarchy without a king; and, in conformity with the instructions of their constituents, they were determined to have nothing to do with a Republic. Some of the Opposition speakers declared that they would have submitted to a king of Spanish birth, notwithstanding their invincible antagonism to royalty; and yet the most impracticable and undesirable of all the candidates was the only Spaniard, except the rival BOURBON pretenders, whose name has been mentioned. It is indeed easy to understand that the Republicans, if they were forced to accept a king, would have been glad to prevent the simultaneous establishment of a dynasty. For the short remainder of his life ESPARTERO could have exercised no real power; and at his death the whole question between a republic and a monarchy would have been necessarily reopened. Even if the aged General had been likely to leave heirs to the Crown, it is far more difficult to elevate a family from private rank than to convert the scions of a Royal House into kings. The Duke of AOSTA may have enemies in Spain, but he will have no envious rivals resenting the elevation of a former equal. To the Duke of MONTPENSIER, who is a Spaniard by residence and by connexion, to Don ALFONSO, and to Don CARLOS, Señor CASTELAR and his friends would have objected more strongly than even to the Italian Prince. The irreconcilable enemies of royalty were consistent with themselves in opposing every candidate who could be suggested, the more vehemently in proportion to the qualities which rendered him eligible. The prudent lover in the play, who was not anxious to contract a binding marriage, thought it an advantage that the ceremony should be performed by a questionable priest.

Señor CASTELAR, in the course of his brilliant speech, asserted with undoubted truth that monarchical institutions are decomposing, or, in other words, that the ancient reverence for monarchy has in a great measure disappeared. Aristocrats, he said, had commenced the French Revolution, and Royalists had driven both branches of the Spanish BOURBON family, by frequent movements, from power and from the throne. "The monarchist general, SERRANO, had thrown down at Alcolea the monarchy of thirteen centuries." It might have been answered that the same general is taking a part in the restoration of the institution which he had shaken. Nations are no longer supposed to be the hereditary property of kings; but the constitutional kings who have been established for purposes of utility in every European State which found itself in want of a government are living illustrations of the convenience of a fixed succession. "The real kings," said Señor CASTELAR, "the Kings of the Escorial, of St. Denis, and of Westminster," would laugh at the king whom General PRIM was about to introduce into Spain. It is strange that a Republican should, even in a rhetorical contrast, prefer despots ruling by divine right to chiefs of free governments, who differ from the heads of republics principally because they are chosen with their successors once for all; and not by periodical elections. The "Kings of Westminster" will recognise in King AMADEUS a sovereign of the English type, which is perhaps in the present day preferable to the model

established by the founder of the Escorial. There is much force in the suggestion that the respect which gives authority to a king cannot in modern times be founded on a mere election; but if kings are, as the orator remarked, the children of centuries, it was an oversight to quote the King of the Belgians as an example of a genuine king. The Belgian monarchy and the dynasty are forty years old, and the only danger by which they are threatened arises from foreign ambition. The independence of Spain is fortunately secure, and the Belgian precedent may be quoted in favour of the deliberate selection of a foreign king.

It was easy to convict the Government of the inconsistency involved in the successive adoption of different candidates. It is also true that an Italian prince is not a Portuguese, and that he is still less akin to a German. Prince LEOPOLD was preferred in July, and Prince AMADEUS in September, and experience had shown the disastrous consequences of the earlier choice. If Marshal PRIM had been a match for his adversary in debate, he might have retorted that a certain indifference to personal claims was the best proof of confidence in the free institutions of Spain. It is not of vital importance to a Parliament that its supremacy should be exercised under one ornamental chief of a State rather than another. GEORGE I. was as little known in England as Prince AMADEUS in Spain, and all his subjects were aware that he was unable to speak a word of English. When a foreigner is on the throne there is no reason to apprehend the growth of the exaggerated loyalty which tends to degenerate into servility. It is not pretended that the dangers which, to the general astonishment, attended the HOHENZOLLERN nomination are likely to attach to the election of Prince AMADEUS. All the European Powers have cordially assented to the proposal of the Spanish Provisional Government; and although diplomatic support is not sufficient to insure the stability of a throne, there is some advantage in the avoidance of foreign complications. The Minister declared with apparent sincerity that the French objections to the choice of Prince LEOPOLD took him entirely by surprise; and he stated the curious fact that the Prince himself offered to communicate the nomination to the Emperor NAPOLEON. There is every reason to believe that Marshal PRIM had anticipated the suggestion; and that he had reason to believe that the HOHENZOLLERN candidature was approved at the Tuilleries. The former refusal of the throne by the King of ITALY on behalf of his son was probably explained by French interference. The EMPEROR had, probably at the instance of the EMPRESS, determined to support the pretensions of Queen ISABELLA or of her son; and his power of dictating the policy of the secondary European States had not yet been questioned. That the Italian Government should act more independently on the removal of the pressure exercised by France, is neither surprising nor blameable.

A man of spirit was not likely to be deterred from accepting the Spanish throne by references to the tragical fate of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN. There is no analogy between the case of a sovereign appointed by a foreign potentate and the freely-chosen nominee of a competent and independent Assembly. To an ambitious mind the example even of MAXIMILIAN might be encouraging, notwithstanding his ultimate failure. The Austrian prince preferred the hope of conferring a great service on a distant nation to the mere enjoyment of rank and fortune. There was nothing mean or selfish in an enterprise which was only shown by the result to be rash. Prince AMADEUS has no similar benefits to confer on the country of his choice; and, if he encounters dangers, they will not be analogous to the disorders and the treacheries of Mexico. He brings with him no auxiliary army, liable to be withdrawn in a moment of extreme need; and he will deal with Europeans of an ancient stock, and not with half-reclaimed Indians. The Republicans, who numbered by far the most considerable section of the minority in the decisive vote of Wednesday, will perhaps rebel if they think that they have a chance of success; but PRIM and his army have hitherto baffled all their efforts, and it will be as easy to defend an established monarchy as a provisional Regency. There has been no indication of any changes of public opinion since the election of the Cortes; and it must be assumed that the majority of the nation, having the chiefs of the army on its side, is stronger than the active Republican party. The future prospects of monarchy in Spain may perhaps be influenced by the political condition of France after the close of the war. A triumphant Republic would appeal forcibly to the imagination of enthusiasts throughout Southern Europe; but for the present the duration of the French Republic is uncertain, and there is reason to expect that the temporary form of government will be associated with defeat

and disaster. In Spain it is necessary to consider the wishes of the army and its chiefs; and the preference of Marshal PRIM and his colleagues for constitutional monarchy is at least a happy accident. In a nominal Republic PRIM might exercise supreme power more easily and more fully than in a Parliamentary government under an hereditary king.

#### MINISTERIAL PROMISES FOR 1871.

THE Cabinet Councils which meet as usual at this time of year have sufficient matter for discussion. It is not indeed possible that the next Session should be occupied with measures of so comprehensive a character as the Irish Church and Land Bills of 1868 and 1869; but the exclusive attention which was devoted to the chief Ministerial proposals has left a large accumulation of arrears. The HOME SECRETARY is pledged to introduce a Licensing Bill, with full knowledge that any possible scheme will be exposed to organized opposition and to plausible objections. It is difficult to define the amount of restriction which may be justifiably imposed on the sale of intoxicating liquors; and the most zealous opponents of the present system create additional embarrassment by their vehement hostility to the traffic which they propose to regulate. If legislation were found necessary in the case of ordinary trades, the object of Parliament would be to encourage and facilitate their operations; but the partisans of temperance are anxious to cripple the sale of beer until they become strong enough to suppress it. Mr. BRUCE will derive little assistance from the statements which his colleague Mr. AYRTON lately addressed to a Temperance meeting. The uncontrolled multiplication of beer-houses has long been recognised as a nuisance; but it was reserved for Mr. AYRTON to explain the motives of the legislation of forty years ago. It seems, from his statement to the abstaining portion of his constituency, that the monopoly of the licensed victuallers was abolished or infringed because a corrupt House of Commons hoped to calm the minds of the people, and to divert attention from its own shortcomings, by a profuse supply of beer. The device was, as the result proved, more ingenious than successful, for the Beer Bill was passed in 1830, and the Reform Bill in 1832. It is to be feared that a virtuous Parliament elected by household suffrage can scarcely content itself with the mere reversal of existing legislation. Neither the sellers nor the buyers of beer will endure an interference with their habits which would be obviously and exclusively beneficial to a limited class of tradesmen. Mr. BRUCE will not improbably propose to place all vendors of beer on an equal footing by the establishment of a common system of licences. It may also be conjectured that he will humour popular prejudice by transferring the jurisdiction from the justices to some new tribunal; and he may possibly resort to the weak and mischievous expedient by which Parliament has recently too often devolved its own duties on local communities. It is discreditable to the Legislature that counties or districts should have the option of determining whether the maintenance and improvement of roads should be conducted on a rational system; but happily there are no fanatics who hold that ruts and quicksands are desirable objects of public policy. Permissive legislation on the sale of liquors would introduce into every parish a sectarian squabble. The temperance agitators whom Mr. AYRTON attempts to conciliate by talking nonsense would employ any control which they might possess over licences for the destruction of the trade. If Mr. BRUCE believes it possible to diminish the consumption of beer without prohibiting the sale, he will find himself disappointed.

The creation of a metropolitan municipality was one of the implied Ministerial promises for the Session of 1871, but it appears that the Government finds it expedient to postpone a task even more arduous than that of regulating the retail trade in beer. Whenever the subject comes before Parliament in a practical shape, it may be assumed that the Corporation of London will offer the most strenuous opposition to any interference with their privileges or revenues, nor will their hostility be propitiated by the concession of an honorary civic primacy. Although none of the projects which have hitherto been suggested offer a satisfactory solution of the problem, Mr. BRUCE or his successor will not find it easy to devise a new and original plan. There is no precedent for a municipal government of a population of three or four millions; and the Transatlantic Irish Republic which administers the affairs of the largest existing municipality is the most scandalous corporate body in the world. In the great towns of England and Scotland the Corporations are

deficient neither in attention to their ordinary duties nor in the public spirit which undertakes costly improvements. The constituencies are promiscuous, and occasionally corrupt; but some of the principal representatives of local trade and industry secure their return to the Council, and, above all, the local authorities are generally advised and directed by an experienced and able Town Clerk. Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, together contain about half the population of London; and the entire absence of organic unity in the metropolis forms a stronger distinction from provincial towns than even the disparity of numbers. The parochial government of London is conducted by persons who, however respectable, neither deserve nor command the confidence of the general community. It has been often argued that a larger sphere of action would attract a higher class of candidates for municipal honours, but a constituency of ratepayers would probably prefer the present class of local representatives. Except in the City, where the great merchants and bankers keep apart from the Corporation, there are in London no natural or customary leaders of the population of a district. In the construction of a municipality, the special machinery which may be adopted matters far less than the capacity and position of the members of the governing body; and double election, such as that by which the Metropolitan Board of Works is appointed, would perhaps diminish the inconveniences to be apprehended; but the system is always unpopular.

The Government is unluckily pledged to renew the proposal for the introduction of the Ballot; and Mr. GLADSTONE, having persuaded himself that the change is desirable, will probably be enthusiastic in its favour. The old Liberal party, including some members of the Cabinet, thinks it unnecessary to strengthen the influence of numbers, or even to diminish still further the scanty numbers of the Conservative Opposition; but Mr. GLADSTONE can command a large majority in support of any democratic measure. It may be hoped that he will not think it necessary to follow up his last speech on the Ballot by connecting secret voting with universal suffrage; but any remnant of the old Constitution which may survive Mr. GLADSTONE's Administration will have passed through imminent danger. The Minister's speech at the LORD MAYOR'S dinner seemed to imply that he was at last alive to the urgent need of an improved military organization; and the events which have since occurred ought to furnish additional reasons for providing against unusual danger. It may indeed be assumed that the discussions of the Cabinet may turn rather upon passing events than on the legislative schemes of the approaching Session. The perturbed state of Europe contrasts strangely with the confidence in peace which was entertained when Lord GRANVILLE entered on the duties of his present office. The flourishing condition of revenue and trade which was described by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE will scarcely enable the Government to continue its reduction of taxation. Since the decline of England in European influence it may often become necessary to incur large expenses where in former times a simple notification of disapproval would have put an end to threatened encroachments.

The comprehensive Bill by which the whole judicial system of England is to be remodelled will probably be again introduced in the House of Lords. The LORD CHANCELLOR last year evaded the responsibility of legislation by referring details and principles alike to the Privy Council. He afterwards pledged himself to embody in schedules to the Bill the rules on which its working will depend; and possibly his scheme may be reproduced in a shape which will find favour with the critics who on the former occasion enjoyed an easy triumph. Up to the present time, the only feasible plan for uniting Equity and Law has consisted in the simple abolition of Common Law procedure and practice. Lord CAIRNS may perhaps at last take compassion on a Bill which was intended to carry out his own recommendation; but the House of Lords naturally indulges on all safe occasions in the pleasure of exposing the mistakes of a Government which has hitherto been supreme in the House of Commons. It will be an interesting question whether Mr. GLADSTONE's majority will relax its strict discipline when it is no longer required to confine itself to a few important issues. There has been a general feeling among politicians that Mr. GLADSTONE's type of statesmanship is not the most appropriate to times of trouble and danger. There must also be many personal jealousies and resentments which would find utterance on a convenient opportunity; but, on the whole, he may perhaps for the present defy both mutiny and open opposition. Among the ranks of his own party he has neither a rival nor a designated successor, and he has nothing to fear from Mr.

DISRAELI. The imperfections of character and of intellect which sometimes shake the confidence of Parliament have not yet been discovered by the country at large.

#### THE WORKING OF THE EDUCATION ACT.

THE working of the Education Act, at least in London, promises to more than justify the warnings we addressed to the Denominationalists, and especially to the clergy of the Church of England, during the progress of the Bill through the House of Commons. The Education Bill, both in its earlier and later forms, was a triumph for the Denominationalists, in so far that it gave power to any denomination which could command a majority in the School Board to determine what religion should be taught in rate-provided schools. We insisted at the time that in an educational point of view this victory, at all events as regards the Church of England, was tantamount to the retention of the country districts and the abandonment of the large towns. It is probable that the great mass of the ratepayers in towns are decidedly hostile to secularism; but their conception of religious instruction does not go beyond that minimum of Biblical explanation which either evades all the difficulties of the text, or interprets it in accordance with that negatively Protestant theology which is the prevailing creed of the English middle-classes. The School Boards elected by men of this stamp were certain to be captivated by the phrase "unsectarian Christianity." They would aim at steering a middle course between secularism and denominationalism. They would consider that they had satisfied every reasonable claim on the part of the Denominationalists when they had provided that scholars of all creeds should have an opportunity of learning the essential truths of religion—these essential truths, of course, being just so much of the Bible as happened to square with their own opinions. We do not say that in exceptionally good hands this sort of teaching might not be made very effective, or that the few doctrines held in common by Christians of every denomination might not supply sufficient material for the establishment of really valuable religious influences in the minds of the scholars. However this may be, the theological residuum in question is not the religious teaching contemplated by the consistent Denominationalists who supported the Bill. That this, however, will be the staple of the teaching provided by the London School Board is, to judge from the addresses of the candidates and the tone of the public meetings, as good as decided. Under the operation of the cumulative vote the Secularists on the one side, and the strict Denominationalists on the other, will carry a few seats. But so far as the contest turns upon the religious difficulty—and we are sorry to say no other difficulty seems to be thought worth considering—it will probably result in the election of "unsectarian" (in other words, anti-denominational) Christians. It would be extremely shortsighted, however, to regard this as a permanent settlement. The working of this compromise will be attended with so many difficulties that the School Boards that adopt it are pretty certain in the long run to go further, and limit the religious element in the rate-provided schools to mere Bible reading. In this way the clergy will gradually lose such hold as they have on the education of the town populations, and be forced to content themselves with the control of the rural schools, which under favourable circumstances may remain to them for some time longer.

In the shape which the Act actually assumed, this process is likely to be accelerated by rancorous disputes as to the true interpretation of the amended Fourteenth Clause. The letters which passed between Professor HUXLEY and Mr. FREMANTLE a fortnight ago are a sufficient proof of this. Mr. FREMANTLE was quite right in his view of what the clause was intended to prohibit, but he wholly failed to carry conviction to his correspondent's mind. Where Professor HUXLEY's acumen fails, there is not much likelihood that the average elector or the average member of a School Board will be more successful; and there is every reason to believe that the majority of the Board will assume that denominational formulas are included in the prohibition of denominational formularies, and that the instruction actually given by the schoolmaster must be confined to points on which all Christians agree. In disproof of this doctrine the minority will appeal to the Act, and will argue with perfect truth that the amended Fourteenth Clause is directed against the technical drapery of denominational creeds, and against this only. The result will be that accusations of dishonesty will be freely exchanged, and the influence of the Board will be impaired by the mutual distrust of its members. Such

a state of things is not unlikely to generate an agitation for the revision of this part of the Act. The unsectarian party in the School Boards will discover that a law which imposes no restriction on the verbal inculcation of denominational formulas, though it forbids the use of denominational formulæ, does not really carry out their views; and, wherever they happen to be in a minority, they will strive to get the liberty of religious teaching either withdrawn altogether or curtailed so as to be practically worthless.

Nor are these the only difficulties with which the working of the Act is likely to be attended. As yet we have heard only of the nomination of School Boards; by and by there must come the still more serious difficulty of the nomination of schoolmasters. How much importance will be attached to this part of the Board's duties will be at once evident to any one who remembers that the religion of the teacher will in practice be the religion of the school. Whatever he chooses to teach, supposing him to be gifted with ordinary prudence and judgment, he may teach without let or hindrance. There will be instances, no doubt, of interference and espionage on the part of the School Board; but if the Education Department do their duty, and sustain the master whenever he is in the right, this disposition will by degrees be checked, and the independence of the teacher will come to be regarded in its true character as one of the indispensable requisites of good teaching. There is considerable danger, therefore, lest the concord which now seems to reign among the members of various denominations may find the choice of the schoolmaster a very much more severe test than the choice of a "ticket" for the School Board election. High and Low Churchmen, for example, and Churchmen and some Dissenters, may be quite agreed upon the value of religious instruction, and upon the possibility of so explaining the Bible as to convey a large amount of such instruction, without touching upon denominational differences. But they may each feel this, and yet be extremely unwilling to have the experiment tried except by some one in whom they have confidence. The Churchman will be quite ready to have only the points he holds in common with the "orthodox" Dissenter taught in the rate-provided school, but he will wish the teacher to be a Churchman. The Dissenter will be equally liberal as to the subject-matter of the teaching, but he will wish it to be given by a Dissenter. The question of the appointment of teacher is critical from another point of view. The sudden increase in the number of schools will create a great demand for certificated schoolmasters, and the only existing—perhaps the only possible—machinery for supplying these will be the Denominationalist Training Colleges. It has been suggested that the true policy for the Church of England is to devote all the energy and liberality she can command to the establishment of new Training Colleges. In this way the market would be flooded with certificated Church schoolmasters, and the School Boards would have practically no option but to make their selections from their ranks. Of all the proposals that have been made for the perpetuation of denominational education under the Act as it is, this seems to be the best contrived; but in this very fact there lies another ground for doubting whether the Act will long remain as it is. It can hardly be doubted that the superiority of the Church of England in numbers, wealth, and denominational zeal will enable her to keep pace with the demand for new teachers to an extent quite out of proportion to the supply forthcoming from the Dissenting Training Colleges; but it is highly improbable that, when the Dissenters come to understand this, they will sit quiet under the discovery. To rival the Church as a manufacturer of teachers being *ex hypothesis* impossible, they will naturally ask themselves whether it would not be better that these teachers should be employed under conditions which make their religious convictions a matter of no moment—in other words, under a system, if not of pure secularism, at least of mere Bible reading.

If all School Board constituencies had as much common sense as some of the people of Liverpool, and were as favourably situated for carrying out their views, these difficulties might perhaps be avoided. The supporters of religious education in Liverpool have agreed that in the event of their carrying their candidates, they shall be instructed to have regard in choosing schoolmasters to the creed which is numerically strongest in the district in which the school is placed. According as the majority of the parents are Roman Catholics, or Churchmen, or Dissenters, the master will be chosen from among Roman Catholics, or Churchmen, or Dissenters. It has been objected that though this arrangement might be fairly practicable as regards the two former creeds, the internal varieties among Dissenters could

never be met by it. The answer to this is that they would not require to be met. The differences between the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England, and between the Church of England and Dissenters, are differences which can hardly be ignored even in the education of young children. But the differences between Baptists and Congregationalists relate to matters which neither denomination regards as essential, which are not found in practice to prevent their ministers from preaching in one another's pulpits, or their congregations from attending one another's chapels, and which *à fortiori* need be no obstacle to the instruction of their children by the same teacher. If this plan is fairly adopted in Liverpool, the Fourteenth Clause of the Act will in effect be restored to its original form, and the majority of the ratepayers in each district be permitted to decide to what denomination the school shall belong. But in view of the agitation maintained last spring against this solution of the religious difficulty, and the preference of the great body of the Nonconformists for the very illogical substitute devised by Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE, there is, we fear, very little probability of the example of Liverpool being generally or even largely followed.

#### THE WAR OF 1870.

##### XVIII.

**T**HE *North German Correspondent*, a sort of English edition of the *Nord-Deutsche Zeitung*, has taken great pains to defend Marshal BAZAINE against the charges of treachery and imbecility heaped upon him by the Tours Government; and as the article in his defence appeared at Berlin on the same day as our criticisms of last week in London, we may take leave to note that the latter are supported rather than weakened by the statements of our German contemporary. In the first place, this defence rests greatly upon the fact alleged by the Marshal himself, in a correspondence since published, that he felt fully the increasing gravity of his situation after the defeat of Gravelotte, but that his troops were too discouraged to make any new attempt hopeful. On the other hand we have the knowledge that officers on the staff of the opposing army have expressed their surprise that this very sense of the supreme danger in which the lost battle had left him did not urge him to make an instant effort to get out by either flank before their circle was closed, and their condemnation of the inaction which induced him to rely for relief from his strait upon the already beaten army of MACMAHON, and so to assume that passive attitude which was invaluable to the Germans, as enabling them to reap the full fruits of their victory by deliberately closing him in with entrenched lines. Moreover, the Berlin writer has passed altogether over that fatal episode of the falling back after the drawn battle and apparent success of Mars-la-Tour, which, as we last week showed, changed the whole sentiment of his army, and first made it aware that it was out-maneuvred and struggling for existence. Finally, the defence of the Marshal is closed by the remarkable admission that he subsequently "acted independently of the self-elected Government of Paris," for he "held no mandate from them, had never promised them allegiance, and possessed at least an equal right to try to save France in his own way." If this be the best that can be said for the Marshal by an organ of Count BISMARCK, which is naturally enough pleading his cause in opposition to the Tours Government, it is not surprising that not only the latter, but all Frenchmen who rate their country as something distinctly higher and more sacred than any form of administration it has chosen, should look with severity on the inclination which BAZAINE plainly showed to make the fall of the Empire his reason for inaction during the later stages of his investment. We adduced good evidence last week for the assertion that, after the actions of the 31st of August and 1st of September, no serious attempt was ever made to break through the German lines. The same Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* to whom we then referred has since published an account of those actions as witnessed by him in the company of the Third Corps under LEBGUE, which shows distinctly that BAZAINE allowed his subordinates to act without any combination, did not bring the Guards, his reserve, under fire at all, and broke off the fighting voluntarily on the second day on the first loss of some of the positions gained the night before, when his officers believed it required but little exertion to recover them. This writer was no doubt one of a party prejudiced against the Marshal; but his evidence is the more damning because that party seems to have included the chief bulk of the officers outside of the personal staff.

In quitting a subject on which we have dwelt at some

length because it involves the most important historical questions of the campaign, we are led of necessity to notice the apology of the ex-EMPEROR, one portion of which touches particularly on the subject of the delay about Metz which ultimately cost France the loss of her whole effective army. This is one of the passages evidently intended to be left obscure by the Imperial author. He does not tell us plainly that he actually interfered with BAZAINE during the fatal six days of their lingering at Metz. He does not tell us plainly that the Marshal was personally responsible for the delay. In fact he leaves it to be inferred that it arose from a sort of joint action between himself and his newly-named successor in command, the date of whose appointment is omitted—obviously with a view to maintain this obscurity, and to leave the responsibility of the delay as much as possible on the Cabinet of OLLIVIER, which at this crisis urged the necessity of holding Lorraine. On the other hand, BAZAINE was a soldier who had previously held high trust. The world was publicly informed of the responsibility he had accepted. His terms were in his own hand, to make before he accepted it; and his appointment, hampered by any supervision or interference, could not have been forced upon him against his will. This attempt, therefore, to screen the real agency under which the delay occurred, or to thrust the Paris Ministry forward as the scapegoat, may suit well the present relations between the captive Monarch and his captive Marshal; but it cannot avail to alter the course of history, or to turn criticism aside from its true object, the military head who proved unequal to the test put upon him.

This apology is too remarkable a document throughout to be passed over without some further special notice. It tells us little that we did not know before of the actual military events, and that little is far from being wholly trustworthy, as the following instance will show. The narrative opens with the statement that the EMPEROR was fully aware that he would have, with 300,000 men (half his nominal army), to be opposed to 550,000, half the paper strength of the Germans. Taking it for granted that he was correct enough as to his own force, and that his remark is in general true, that "the number of fighting men is never more than half the 'effective force,'" it is our duty to point out that there are still two distinct errors here involved. The German paper, or nominally effective, army was not eleven hundred thousand, as the EMPEROR puts it, but less than a million, all told; but, on the other hand, very much more than one-half of this was really available at short notice. The Ersatz certainly could not be reckoned on at once for the field. But the Landwehr were almost as easily put under arms as the line, and would add 200,000 to the 550,000 of the latter. These are perhaps not very important matters; but to find such specific errors in the introductory part of the Imperial narrative makes us fear that the Napoleonic virus of inaccuracy has descended from uncle to nephew, and look onward to what follows with closer suspicion.

The singular revelations of hopeless imbecility which abound in these confessions, and the curious fact that the EMPEROR, thirty years before, had pointed out with clearness and force the neglect by the ORLEANS monarchy of those principles of army organization which he himself admits that he neglected, have been fully noticed by many critics. Nor is it surprising that the evils depicted by the Imperial hand of that centralized war administration which attempted to do all within itself, and failed in everything, form the obvious text of those reformers who denounce any approach by our own Government to this capital error. We leave this subject to them, and pass on rather to examine how far the EMPEROR throws light on the military events we have chronicled.

We now clearly see why TROCHU was first sent by the Paris Cabinet to command at Châlons. The events on the frontier had evidently fixed public attention upon him as the only man who had shown any real prescience of what would happen. It was necessary to repair the wrong done him at the opening of the war, and to give him a high command. But when the EMPEROR, desiring to repair his former want of judgment, proposed to send him to the far more important charge of Paris, at the head of the Mobiles, PALIKAO's jealousy of a general of superior intellect and unsullied integrity at once shone out, and his reply was, "The Garde Mobile will 'endanger the safety of the capital; the character of General TROCHU inspires no confidence'; as though the reactionary and yet feeble Cabinet of which he was head could hope to inspire any!"

As we long since intimated, the foolish resolve to send MACMAHON round the CROWN PRINCE's flank was PALIKAO's own scheme, and was so strongly urged that the EMPEROR actually yielded to a compromise, and withdrew his opposition, together

with his own design of returning to the Capital; his wishes as to TROCHU and the Mobiles being, as a counterbalance, complied with. MACMAHON, who accepted a command hampered with conditions which proved impossible, must here share the blame. A Commander-in-chief has responsibilities for others as well as for himself; his part is far higher and more difficult than the simple soldier's duty of obeying, under which the Imperial pamphlet would screen him. We do not now need the details which it gives us of the condition of the four corps that moved from Châlons, to understand how they would fight, if suddenly taken, as they were to be, in flank. Head-quarters were at *Le Chêne populeux* on the 27th of August, when MACMAHON became fully aware of his danger. He decided to turn back; but that night he received another injunction to press on. The EMPEROR, he tells us himself, might have cancelled this order, but "had decided not to oppose the 'decision of the Regency,' and was resigned to the consequences of the fatality." Unfortunately the Marshal was hardly more independent in judgment than his sovereign, so the army was ordered to proceed; and it proceeded accordingly, and in five days more was, in the military sense, annihilated.

It is not necessary for us to follow the rest of the story. The EMPEROR, we observe, has omitted to clear up the episode of the escape of VINOT's corps, which, however, it is known from the Imperial Correspondence, was offered to MACMAHON on condition of his marching from Châlons direct against the CROWN PRINCE. Lastly, NAPOLEON tells us distinctly that he heard from MACMAHON on the evening of the 30th of his intention of retreating, but gives us not a word to explain the fatal resolution which caused the Marshal to stay the retreat at Sedan, when the last of the troops came in there "on the morning of the 31st," instead of marching at once on Metzières. In fact the pamphlet thoroughly solves no questions but the general ones of the writer's own complete imbecility at this closing period of his reign, and of the general deficiencies of organization on the part of the French administration, which forbade the offensive that he had vaguely hoped to take. In a word, it condemns the policy of his later years of rule as effectually as it does the strategy which gave his armies into the enemy's hands.

To pass to current events. The movements on the Loire, of which we had last week heard indistinctly, foreshadowed a brief success on the French side; the first of the war, and one which was practically the opening of a new campaign. General d'AURELLE, at the head of two strong corps, numbering probably not less than 70,000 men at the lowest, made an ably conceived movement, with the design of shutting Von der TANN's reduced corps, now under 20,000 strong, into Orleans, where it had lain ever since the capture of the city on the 12th October. With this object he moved on the 8th from his cantonments about thirty miles further down the right bank, advancing his left, the Sixteenth Corps, forward in echelon, and refusing his right, so as to endeavour to turn Orleans and seize the roads to Châteaudun and Touy, which the Germans had been using for their communications during the previous four weeks. Another column approached the bridge at Orleans from the south. A third, of cavalry, under General PALLIÈRES, was to cross the river higher up, and moving round the east flank of the Germans, help to shut them in. Von der TANN, who had reconnoitred the French and been repulsed by their outposts on the 7th, anticipated their design, and moved out of Orleans on the 8th on the Châteaudun road, intending to hold his ground there unless greatly outnumbered, and leaving a small garrison in charge of his sick. Next day he was sharply attacked by the right of the French, moving on through St. Peravy to intercept him, and fell back after a series of skirmishes, which, if the German reports are strictly correct, would appear to have been in great part duels of artillery. He now resolved to retire from the Châteaudun road to the direct line towards Paris, and so moved across on Touy, about twenty-five miles from Orleans, where he had reason to expect instant reinforcement, having kept the Versailles staff forewarned of his prospect of being attacked. The retreat was completed next day, and he was at once joined by the Twenty-second Division and a force of cavalry, which had been detached from his command to occupy Chartres and Châteaudun. Forty-eight hours later the Duke of MECKLENBURG came up to take command, bringing with him another Prussian division and a large body of cavalry. The number of troops thus united amounted to between 40,000 and 50,000, purposely exaggerated by German rumours, which appear to have imposed on the French; but PALLIÈRES appears to have cut off two guns, with a part of the Bavarian train; and good many prisoners were lost during the retreat. As we close this, we learn that the Duke of MECKLENBURG has changed his position, and fronts nearly westward, evidently anticipating a new flank movement of the enemy by the Chartres road, which d'AURELLE has

been probably seeking to gain, whilst ostensibly intrenching at Orleans.

The First and Second Armies have continued their march steadily. MANTUFLF has moved direct westward, across Northern France, on Amiens, whither BOURBAKI has moved his own head-quarters to protect that city if possible, and the yet more important one of Rouen, which he covers. The First Army is hardly equal to the double task of subjecting Normandy and at the same time besieging the northern fortresses, and appears to be destined for the former chiefly at present. Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, with his three corps, is marching direct for those very passages of the Yonne which would bring him on the Upper Loire, on the flank or rear of General d'AURELLE's late position, who must almost inevitably be crushed if he simply wait to be attacked before Orleans.

GARIBALDI and his small body of irregulars have abandoned the Jura to take a more immediate part in the defence of the roads leading towards Lyons from Dijon. General WERDER, at the latter place, seems to have waited for reinforcements before making any further advance, and is heard of as being strengthened by a division of Prussians. The fall of Neu Brisach has put the whole of Alsace into German hands with the exception of Belfort, which is closely invested, pending its coming siege, by part of the Reserve divisions that occupy the province; and detachments from them have cleared the rest of the "gap" or pass named from that town, and have even pushed into the Jura since GARIBALDI left it, and occupied Dol and the Swiss frontier. For future operations in the South of France, the possession of Belfort is so important to them, that we must expect to hear soon of its being seriously attacked. The only sortie attempted by its garrison was severely repulsed on Wednesday, and other minor ones from Metzières and Montmèdy have met with no better success.

#### CRITICS AND AUTHORS.

MR. DISRAELI has recently given fresh popularity to the remark, made originally by Balzac, that critics are authors who have failed in original composition. An aphorism sanctioned by two of the most successful novelists of the day, though in everything but success the contrast between them is curiously wide, deserves at least some attention. Nobody has better opportunities than an eminent artist for acquiring familiarity with the dispositions and motives of his natural enemies. The best critics of a criticism are those who are necessarily more familiar than anybody else with its subject-matter. An author can at least tell with tolerable certainty whether the judge before whose tribunal he has been summoned has really made himself familiar with the bearings of the case, and he can form some opinion of his qualifications for the duty. The saying in question, therefore, deserves consideration, though not implicit acceptance, as coming from persons who have examined the subject, though with a natural bias to certain conclusions. Moreover, the theory, whether true or false, has a *prima facie* probability. It explains, in a manner completely satisfactory to a large class, the bitterness and prejudice which we know to be a universal characteristic of critics. How, it may be asked, are we to account for the amazing fact that some persons have found fault with *Eugénie Grandet*, or with Mr. Disraeli's trilogy of novels, and yet to retain a tolerably good opinion of human nature? Obviously by accepting a doctrine which implies that the criminals are persons of exceptional ferocity. They are blighted and disappointed beings, who have gratified their spite, not by Mr. Weller's humble prescription of taking a 'pike, but by adopting a still more noxious profession. Moreover, having once admitted the theory, we can easily convince ourselves that criticisms are in most cases utterly valueless, because proceeding from persons who do not really know their business.

This last assertion, however, requires some qualification. After all, is there not something to be said for entrusting criticism to authors who have failed in original literature? Dr. Johnson long ago refuted the implied argument against their capacity. May we not, he asked, pronounce a table to be badly made, although we are no carpenters? It is common to say, "Do not blame me; you cannot do better yourself." The answer is plain enough. "In blaming you we never implied any claim to the power of doing better ourselves." Every great work of art must necessarily be judged by persons who are totally incapable of even understanding the principles on which it was constructed. When, for example, Mr. Bright makes a great speech to a meeting of stupid people, three-fourths of whom could not put two sentences together, they know that it is eloquent because they know that they have been moved. The one sufficient condemnation of a bad sermon is that half the audience have gone to sleep under it; and of a bad poem, that nobody cares to read it. So far as merely saying that an artistic performance is good or bad, the general public is a perfectly competent critic, however great the number of fools of which it is composed. When indeed we come to the higher functions of criticism, something more is wanted. If, besides proclaiming the fact of success or failure, we are to assign its causes, we must undoubtedly be more or less familiar with the secrets of the artist's trade. But it still does not follow that the most competent performer is the most competent critic. Mr. Ruskin has remarked, with great truth, that good poets are often exceedingly

bad judges of pictures. The reason is very simple. A poet is more sensitive than another man, and is therefore capable of receiving suggestions from a dull bit of scenery or an ugly face which are not perceptible to ordinary mortals. The power of doing so is indeed his special prerogative. Consequently he is very often capable of being roused to enthusiasm by some wretched daub, whose faults would be immediately discovered by a more prosaic observer. One of Wordsworth's most exalted poems was suggested by a contemptible picture of Sir G. Beaumont's. He wishes that he could have possessed the painter's hand, to have added to the view of Peel's Castle

The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream;

and he is perfectly unconscious that he adds to Sir George's picture the very charm described in those exquisite lines. It would be curious to collect some of the false judgments that have been due to a similar cause; and to show how a man of warm motives and powerful imagination bestows utterly erroneous commendations on his commonplace contemporaries simply because he has put into their work, without knowing it, what was never there. It would probably appear that some of our greatest writers have been among our worst critics. Now the author who has failed has not only the negative qualification of freedom from this particular source of error, but he has probably a more positive fitness for the task. A man who has written bad poetry shows at any rate that he has some love of poetry. He has the sympathy, though he has not the creative power. Not improbably he has been led to consider more or less carefully the causes of his failure; and, if he has a tolerable share of modesty, he has thus received just the kind of training of which the critic stands in need. He has worked at the trade long enough to know some of its tricks; he has failed because he was deficient in that glow and energy which would enable him to be a creator, but which would at the same time deprive him of the necessary coolness for judging of others. Anybody who has read some of Mr. Swinburne's criticisms of his contemporaries may admire his generosity, but must have been amused to remark how much his impetuous flow of language, and his anxiety to be poetical even when writing prose, prevent him from observing defects or from qualifying his elaborate rhetoric. The author supplies a text for his eloquence, but not subject-matter for a commentary. Sainte-Beuve, who was galled by Balzac's remark, might be taken for an example of the opposite kind. Some of the powers which made him so exquisite a critic were just those which would disqualify him for eminence of a different kind. A very delicate taste is an excellent thing in judging of work once performed; but it is rather an awkward companion when you are actually composing. The critic, even if a man is his own critic, should appear after publication, but should not be at his elbow at moments when the essential thing is spontaneous impulse.

We might therefore accept the aphorism, and yet deny that it implies any blame to critics. And in many cases it has probably that amount of foundation in fact which we have suggested. There is, however, some difficulty in reconciling the statement with general observation. The most relentless and ferocious of critics are generally young men who have hardly had time to fail. The *Edinburgh* Reviewers of the first generation were generally at that time of life when a man believes firmly in his own infallibility, though he may not be quite convinced of his omniscience. Nobody is so sublimely confident of the absolute truth of every proposition which he advances, and the profound stupidity of every one who sees it in a different light, as the young gentleman who has just taken his degree at College. He is probably prepared to propose a few sweeping revolutionary changes in art, politics, religion, and philosophy, by way of setting the world instantaneously to rights; and he also has a dumb instinct which tells him that the quickest way of obtaining reputation is by assaulting some well-known luminary. Like an ardent convert to Mahomedanism, he proposes to win glory by smiting some infidel hip and thigh, and breaking in pieces the most renowned idols of his country. Such a man is a critic ready made, and of the kind which naturally gives the greatest annoyance to all established respectabilities. Nor can it be said, though it might be agreeable to do so, that critics of this class are necessarily foolish. They may have a superabundant consciousness of their own strength; but a certain exuberance of conceit is by no means a bad outfit for a man of talent at the opening of his career. He will rub it off in time, and may discover that it leads him into one or two awkward scrapes; but perhaps in after life he will be rather inclined to regret the absence of that sublime self-confidence which at any rate encouraged him to put out his full strength, without regard to consequences. Young recruits waste a good deal of ammunition, but, on the other hand, they are said often to show a certain fire which dies out in later years. Critics of this class do not, of course, belong to the highest order; but, so far as they are concerned, authors must set down their wounds to the petulance of youthful assailants, instead of the bitterness of disappointed old gentlemen. Often it would be truer to say that the author is a critic who has been mellowed by time, than that the critic is an author who has failed.

To reduce all critics to one category would, indeed, be obviously impossible, and it would be straining a poor epigram beyond all fair limits if we endeavoured to make it cover the whole ground. And yet there is one doubt which makes us hesitate to admit that it can ever be true. Is there really such a thing as an unsuccessful author? If there are such persons, they must vanish, like the legendary postboy, in company with bankrupt publishers, and continue their lucubrations in some literary limbo. As a matter

of fact, there ought to be many such persons, if half the criticisms that we read are tolerably well-founded. The doctrine that they go through a process of decay, and that critics spring, like bluebottles, from their corruption, is surely insufficient to account for the numbers who annually swell the lists of wounded and missing. Nevertheless we do not remember ever to have met with such a person in real life. We know indeed one or two gentlemen who have published systems of philosophy that have not met with universal acceptance. We are acquainted with poets enough to fill a library, not many of whom are designated by public opinion as possible candidates for the succession of Mr. Tennyson. Novelists are like sands by the seashore for multitude, and the imagination flags in endeavouring to realize their numbers; and yet the number of novelists who are admitted by general consent to any high position in literature is by no means overwhelming. Still, when we seek for a decided case of an unsuccessful writer, we know not where to find him. There are many men whose literary commodities do not bear a very high price in the market; but that is owing to the well-known malignity of publishers. There are numbers of people whose merits are not recognized by the vulgar herd; but they are amply compensated by the enthusiasm of a select few. It may be that they have as yet been discovered only by their own family circle, or by a clique which to the outside world appears to be insignificant. But they know perfectly well that *Paradise Lost* was sold for ten pounds; that Hume's best writings fell stillborn from the press; and that Keats, Wordsworth, and a number of the leading names in our literature were for many years left in obscurity or condemned by stupid critics. The only real division of authors is into those who have, and those who have not, as yet been found out. Ill success, except as a mere temporary phenomenon, is a misfortune which theoretically might occur, but which never actually takes place. The profound conviction of these truths which is entertained by almost all authors prevents them from being soured after the manner supposed. And if this be notoriously true, it follows that Balzac's aphorism must fall to the ground, for want of any one to whom it can be truly applicable.

#### MISTINNESS.

"CAN'T you draw an inference, Mr. Rakestraw?" said a rector to his churchwarden in vestry. "No, sir," was the half earnest and half humorous reply, "I don't know that I can, but I believe I have got a cart-mare that can draw anything in reason!" In such an encounter as this there can be no doubt which of the two combatants had the best of it. And perhaps, when he got home from the vestry, the rector may have pondered how it was that he came to allow his antagonist such a verbal triumph. If he belonged to the school of Dr. Newman, he would probably conclude that it was altogether a mistake to have tried to secure the farmer's assent to his proposals by a process of inference. He would hold, with the letter to the *Times* of February, 1841, republished in the *Grammar of Assent*, that "man is not a reasoning animal; he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, and acting animal"; and he would cast about to secure the assent of his seeing, feeling, contemplating, and acting farmer by some other process than that of argument. If, on the other hand, he belonged to the school of Lord Macaulay, and believed that we all arrive at our conclusions by the inductive method, and that "every human being, the most ignorant clown, the most thoughtless schoolboy, the very child at the breast," all of us, at all ages and seasons, are engaged in working out Bacon's Process "from morning to night, and even in our dreams," he would conclude that his failure had arisen from his not having put before the farmer, with sufficient care and clearness, all the materials necessary to conduct him to the proper conclusion; and would once more gather up his facts, his figures, and his formulas, and arrange them in logical order, ready for the next vestry day. Whether by any process of appeal, either to feeling or intellect, he would be likely to clear away the haze from the mind of his churchwarden, and bring him to apprehend clearly either the truth or the falsity of the proposition which he had put before him, would depend on the circumstances of the case. The obscurity which seemed to shroud the subject at issue between them might be due to defects of education, or of temper, in either of them, or to some other of the numerous causes which produce mental mistiness.

Most people, whether they belong to the School of Assent or to the School of Inference, would agree that defective education is one of the first and worst causes of mistiness. But we must not hastily conclude that, on this score, at all events, the rector would be sure to have the advantage. Mistiness is not cured by a course of education which consists merely in making the pupil master of the most beggarly elements of Latin and Greek, and the barest rudiments of arithmetic and geometry; even though to these be added some smatterings of French and of physical science, and an assiduous study of cricket and rowing. Such an education as this, which is at the present moment the education of the flower of the English people, may or may not improve the physique of our countrymen, but as regards their intellect it rather tends to produce than to dispel mistiness. The causes of mistiness among well educated persons are of course more subtle than among the badly educated; and they are different in different periods of history. One subtle but unquestionable cause of mistiness among really thoughtful and earnest men at the present time is too exclusive habit of reading. There is sometimes a tendency among such men—a tendency which is fostered by the enormous mass of literature current upon fugitive topics—to think that they best

secure the permanence of their education and the brightness of their minds by much reading, and to be comparatively neglectful of writing and conversation. This is a mistake. Reading no doubt makes a full man—though even that part of Bacon's aphorism taken by itself requires qualification. But reading alone, even when judiciously conducted—that is, when only the best books on a well-chosen set of subjects are read, and when sufficient time is allowed for thought—will not effectually preserve the mind from mistiness. For this purpose both conversation and writing are necessary, and of these two, regarded as cures of mistiness, writing is the most sure and conversation the most swift. Both of course presuppose careful reading. If writing alone would cure mistiness, the contributors to such daily papers as the *Standard* or *Telegraph* would be the clearest-headed people in the world. If conversation alone would guarantee wisdom, the French would be the foremen nation of the world. The advantages which conversation, as a cure for mistiness, has over writing are, of course, that you can get over much more ground in talk than you can in writing; and that you must have your knowledge more completely at your fingers' ends. The disadvantage is, that so much of its value depends on the temper, mental calibre, and special knowledge of those with whom you discuss. Few things are more difficult than the proper selection of persons to whom one shall broach particular topics in order to assist one to clear views upon them. Conversation with persons much older than oneself has a tendency to degenerate into mere consultation of an oracle; and such submission to authority can never clear away mists from the mind. Conversation with juniors is very difficult to maintain. It is apt to be unsympathetic and unreal; to take too much the form of question on the one side, and answer on the other. For the purpose of rectifying mental apprehensions, conversation with equals in standing is perhaps the most valuable. But then great care must be taken that it does not become too combative. Not that argument is necessarily a bad instrument for clearing the mind of its mists. On the contrary, it is often, to candid and well regulated minds, their most valuable and effective purge. It is probably not true that, as the author of the *Grammar of Assent* says, "to most men argument makes the point in hand only more doubtful, and considerably less impressive." Most people, there is reason to fear, are rather confirmed than shaken by argument in their convictions and impressions. But if it be true, no stronger eulogy of argument could be pronounced, and anybody who had not got his mind unduly fixed upon the merits of unconditional assent would admit that if argument can make us doubt about things which we have been used to take for granted, and can render our prejudices less impressive, it is not a bad means of clearing off mists from our minds.

One of the most fruitful causes of mistiness is the habit of affecting to know something of which one really knows little or nothing. There are two principal modes in which this affectation may be indulged—the positive and the negative; and of these the negative, as the most common, and also as the most subtle and insidious, is the most productive of mistiness. The positive form is when a person undertakes to discourse on a subject with which he is not really familiar. It may be hoped that this worst form of affectation is becoming less frequent in England than it used to be. Not that there is probably much increase in the general depth of learning; but the number of men who know a little of many subjects is certainly increasing, and also there are more fairly well-educated women in the country than there were twenty years ago. Hence it is becoming more dangerous than it was for a pretender to hold forth in society upon a subject of which his knowledge is very slight or very misty, because even a little knowledge of a subject in some of his hearers may enable them, if they are possessed of a fairly ready wit, to upset his pretensions. Specimens of those people who talk much and authoritatively upon matters of politics, science, art, or theology, of which they are in fact ignorant, are to be found even now in the regions of the squire, the parson, and others who live chiefly among women and inferiors. But even those regions are happily becoming unsafe for the gross and open-mouthed pretender to knowledge. "Sir," said a young lady to an agent of a certain missionary society who was airing his ignorance of the Greek Testament to an admiring audience at the squire's house after morning service, "have you not forgotten what that verse is in the original?" The audience consisted of women and others supposed to be ignorant of Greek, but unfortunately for the pretender there was one quiet young lady who had not taken much part in the conversation, and who had been taught the classics; and she was pretty, modest, and wore no spectacles. Who could have suspected danger from such a quarter? It was a bolt from a clear sky, but it struck home, and it is not probable that the victim will soon repeat his visit to that parish. The occurrence of a few more such cases in remote and different parts of the country, and the seasonable publication of their occurrence in the local and London newspapers, would probably close their last haunts against these positive pretenders to knowledge. And even the growth of the order of the Bluestocking may be tolerated if it will confer such a benefit as this on society.

But the very offensiveness of this form of affectation and the resentment which it consequently produces, leading all to unite in hunting it down, render it less deleterious to the pretender himself, and less likely to cause, or to intensify, mistiness in his mind. The negative form of affectation of knowledge—when the pretender, for example, without committing himself to positive and verbal assertions, allows it to be assumed by others that he knows certain things of which he is really ignorant—is a much more

subtle and dangerous mode. All of us are constantly exposed to this temptation, and few of us can feel confident that we never yield to it. Somebody is talking to us in a drawing-room, or across a breakfast-table, upon some matter of history; and he makes allusions to persons or to facts. It may happen that we have a bad memory for historical details, or that we do not happen to have studied that particular period carefully. Consequently the allusions are not really intelligible to us, as the talker assumes that they are or ought to be. The temptation to pretend instantly arises, and is sometimes most overwhelming. Perhaps the speaker has been a little contradictory, or a little supercilious, in his talk, giving himself the airs of a "superior person," and displaying a rather trying exultation in his knowledge of minute details. Then it is very hard to have to confess that we do not know, or do not remember, the matters to which he alludes. We dread the air of half-compassionate superiority with which he will say, "Ah, I see you have not read Lamartine's *Girondins*. You should read that. It's the only decent authority on the period." Or there is the accent of half-shocked surprise with which, in lowered tones, as if he really did not wish to expose our ignorance more than he can help, he will say, "Oh, don't you know? He was great-great-grandson of Louis the Fourteenth's nephew." Or perhaps he has been taking the line of pseudo-humility, and talking of these details as "things that every schoolboy knows." Then it is not pleasant to have to admit that we know less than any schoolboy. When circumstances like these arise, as they do most frequently, in a greater or less degree, in any general conversation, it requires a well-established habit of serving truth rather than self to enable us to declare our ignorance. A man who does not live and act continuously in the spirit of a sincere worship of truth above all things, is in constant danger of lapsing into this silent, negative affection of knowledge; of becoming a social pretender, and of thereby losing opportunities of clearing away mists from his mind.

#### THE LITERARY USES OF THE BRUTE CREATION.

EVERY reader, however superficially acquainted with English literature, must have observed how different is the office ascribed to the animal kingdom in our day from what it was in the last and preceding centuries. The brute creation is no longer used for what was once its main purpose—illustration. It is no longer applicable for didactic ends, as pointing a lesson. Birds, beasts, and fishes have asserted themselves with the rest of the lower orders, and will no longer submit to be unrepresented or misrepresented. If they are to be written about it must be, not because they are like men and women, but because they are themselves. Natural history takes its ground on fact, and claims to be a branch of polite learning on its own merits. In fact, fable and apologue have had their day with all but children, and even for them the fabulist must have studied brutes with at least as much attention as he has studied men, and must be as painstaking in hitting off a likeness. It won't do to take up time-worn conventional impressions. "Birds in their little nests agree," and the "Duck which had got such a habit of stuffing," could never have been written in our time. When everybody agreed that the proper study of mankind was man, the person who gave his mind to the study of any class of living creatures except man was at best indulgently regarded as an amiable, harmless, childish eccentric. "Study your country's good and not her insects" was then considered very sound advice to the collector who "had maggots enough in his own brain to stock all the virtuosos in Europe with butterflies," and anybody who regarded a butterfly in any other light than as an illustration of frivolity was nicknamed virtuoso by the graver moralists. Mr. Wallace, who fearlessly and successfully appeals to the sympathy of his readers of to-day in describing the throbbing head and beating heart with which he welcomed a new and gorgeous specimen as an ample reward for years spent among savages in the Malay archipelago, would have been treated as a madman and a jest in our Augustan age.

No doubt the change is inevitable, and we do not regret it, especially as accurate knowledge would disqualify a writer for the work of deriving from the animal world either wit or wisdom with the easy grace so remarkable and so delightful in a non-scientific age. Clearly animals serve the moral purpose of illustration better for a touch of the monstrous and unreal; they fit into the frame more naturally. Nobody wants severe anatomical truth in the lions of heraldry or the gargoyles of Gothic architecture. The animals of fable are domesticated, as it were, and, like the real dog, horse, or parrot, catch a likeness to humanity from contact with it. But nobody can use animals in this way who has studied them as his first object. The fabulist is one who never forgets his fellow-men, with whom study of society is the absorbing study, who is reminded of it and recalled to it at every moment by every sight and sound, and who finds something suggestive in all form and movement, and is restless until the *rapport* is established. Sydney Smith, in reviewing Waterton, found himself among a variety of strange and uncongenial objects. Not for an instant could he view these on their own merits and on their own ground; he must bring them home to himself by linking them with humanity. "The toucan," Mr. Waterton tells him, "has an enormous bill, makes a noise like a puppy dog, and lays its eggs in hollow trees." "How astonishing are the freaks and anomalies of nature!" is his comment. "To what purpose, we say, is a bird placed in the woods of Cayenne with a bill a yard long, making a noise like a puppy dog, and laying eggs in hollow trees?" The

toucan, to be sure, might retort—To what purpose were certain gentlemen in Bond Street created? To what purpose were certain foolish, prating members of Parliament created," &c. Not till the toucan is endowed with the power of repartee is the idea of such a creature worth entertaining. Again, the campanaro has a note that may be heard three miles off. As a bird it is nothing to the clerical critic; as personating a church bell it is more welcome; but as "louder than a church bell ringing for a new dean, just appointed for shabby politics, small understanding, and good family," as reminding him of such familiar topics, it is recognised as one of the great family. Vultures with him are not for an instant mere vultures. He remarks that Mr. Waterton "does not observe that there was any division into Protestant and Catholic vultures, or any system among them of excluding one-third of their number from sharing the blood and entrails of their victims." Only fifty years ago a great wit could thus use natural history for his purposes, through the great literary organ of the day. We are amused, but we read it as a specimen of a past period of writing. We must be serious over birds and beasts now, and not make jokes out of them. Of course the fable has been the vehicle of satire from the earliest date—for a long time the only safe one. We are not, however, concerned with Oriental apologetics, or with such earlier Western examples of the same class as Reynard the Fox. Fable prevailed not so very long ago in the polite literature of our own language as we do not believe it will again. No champion of his Church in our day would have hit upon the notion of The Hind and Panther. Swift would have found some other impersonation of the vices he satirized than birds and beasts—to whom he apologizes for so using them—than the controversial spider, swelling itself into the size and posture of a disputant, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous; or the confluence of animals, terrified by a plague into piety, chosen by him to represent the universal tendency in mankind to confess—when they do confess—anything rather than their most crying faults:—

Some faults we own, but can you guess  
Why virtue's carried to excess?

where the wolf owns with tears to having broken his fast last Friday; the swine laments his personal vanity—his shape and beauty made him vain; and the ass smirks out an avowal of his besetting temptation:—

The ass approaching next confess'd  
That in his heart he loved a jest:  
A wag he was needs must own,  
And could not let a dance alone:  
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,  
And might perhaps be too severe;  
But yet the worst that could be said  
He was a wit both born and bred,  
And if it be a sin and shame  
Nature alone must bear the blame.

It is, however, chiefly the severely didactic use of the brute creation which seems furthest from modern habits of thought; this can hardly coincide with close inquiry into ways and instincts. The moralist—Fuller, if we remember rightly—who saw a lesson of devout thankfulness in the hen's mode of drinking, looking upwards at each sip, must have taken but a chance and passing survey, and cannot have watched the imperious fowl at its leisurely potations, with severe peeks keeping all the weak chicks aloof till it had drunk its fill. We are disposed to see an anachronism in Mr. Chadband's illustration of truth, when he asks his audience, "If I went into the city and saw there an elephant, and came back to you and said, Lo! the city is barren, there was but an eel, would that be terewth?" But it may only remind us of the progress of time. It is a good many years since *Martin Chuzzlewit* was written.

But the grandest use of this vast fund of illustration is to be observed in Jeremy Taylor—a use effective and appropriate to his purpose in proportion to his indifference to finical accuracy. He had indeed other things to do—other fish to fry—than painfully to verify his statements; it does not matter a straw to him or his readers whether they are true to fact or not. It is enough if anybody has said so. The more questionable and apocryphal the story, the more delicate and fragrant is the odour of learning through which it comes to us, wafting us into the dim regions of a far remote civilization when the world was new, and people heard and believed strange things. Those mice of Egypt which ate the golden ore, and refused to give back the undigested gold, preferring death to disgorgement, were once believed in, and illustrate covetousness just as well whether we accept the legend or not; and the likening domestic discord to going to bed with a dragon adds a terror to war on the hearthstone by the very monstrosity of the image. Few persons are able to decide what frogs do and what do not croak, but the fact that he derives his knowledge of the silent sort through another and a dead language adds a fine point to the simile which shows the silencing effects of study. "Studious men are without colour, pale and wise when they are young, and, by reason of their knowledge, silent as mutes and dumb as Siriphim frogs." "And indeed it is certain great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue. For so have I heard that the noise and prating of the pool, the croaking of frogs and toads, is hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle." This "so I have heard" is an all-sufficient voucher on most occasions. "Only blind incoherent sinners," he says, "will take no means for their cure. Such as have written upon their sagacity in that kind tell us that the fishes in fresh water being stuck with a tool of

iron rub themselves upon the glutinous skin of the tench for a cure; the hart wounded with an arrow runs to the herb dittany to bite it that the shaft may fall out that stuck in its body; the swallow will seek out the green tetterwort to recover the eyes of her young ones when they are blinded." It is no part of his business to inquire how people know when and how the young swallow is blinded. Nor does it concern the worth of the illustration that it cannot be proved, where he argues that "we must not be crafty to another's injury so much as by giving (silent) countenance to the wrong, for tortoises and the ostrich hatch their eggs with their looks only." The elephant's leg was once a suggestive subject for a simile. We find it in Shakspeare:—"The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy, his legs are legs for necessity not for flexure"; and our divine likens contact with a cold-hearted Christian to taking a dead man by the hand:—"There is not a finger wanting, but they are stiff as icicles, and without flexure as the legs of elephants."

Without doubt the preacher deliberately designed through this means to lighten the severity of attention in his hearers, providing them with the indulgence of a smile in the sleeve, or at least some merry idea to take home with them. He illustrates his argument that everything is enjoyed according to the capacity of the receiver, not simply in proportion to its magnitude or splendour, by a variety of cogent examples, at the head of which we read, "If any man should give to a lion a fair meadow full of hay or a thousand quince trees, it could add nothing to his content"; and he represents the havoc pride makes of human goodness by the picture of "one who hath planted a fair garden and invited a wild boar to refresh himself under the shade of the fruit trees; and his guest, being something rude, hath disordered his paradise and made it become a wilderness." Asserting in severe earnest that a universal crust of hypocrisy covers the face of the greatest part of mankind, he concludes a catalogue of deceits with "Even their friendships are trades of getting, and their kindness of watching a dying friend is but the office of a vulture gaping for a legacy, the spoil of the carcass." Whosoever stops short of doing his all, his best, is shown up in a simile which we commend to the exponents of modern science:—"But so it happens in the mud and slime of the river Borosas; when the eye of the sun hath long dwelt upon it, and produces frogs and mice which begin to move a little under thin cover of its own parental matter, and if they can get loose to live half a life, that is all; but the hinder parts which are not formed before the setting of the sun stick fast in their beds of mud, and the little moiety of a creature dies before it could be well said to live."

There are, we need not say, many grand similes of the more conventional type. The lion never lashes his tail or "curls up his spirits" with a more formidable grace than under the handling of this poet-divine. The Lybian tiger scarcely comes behind him; wolves, hyenas, bears, basilisks, moles, cats, bats, vipers, wasps, cantharides, cockle shells and oysters, all play their part with memorable effect, but all are derived from sources remote from personal observation. Bishop Taylor sees them solely through the imagination, fed by an inexhaustible memory; not that his eyes were blind to what passed before them, but neither the prevailing habit of thought nor the circumstances of a busy life induced the habit of closely looking into nature at first hand. When he does describe what he has seen we see the difference. Take the following—perhaps well known—picture of the lark, which he uses to illustrate the effects of anger on a good man's prayers. It is less than half of a noble sentence that reminds one of an organ voluntary—linked sweetness long drawn out:—

For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, in hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, till it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below.

Probably there is something patronizing in the use of fable. The teacher treats his hearers like children when he amuses them with stories of birds and beasts, and tickles their ears with analogies. But the practice has its use in lightening a dry or abstract subject, and recalling attention which strays or stumbles under the deferential attitude which we exact nowadays from our instructors.

#### CHESTER.

If we were right in a former article in saying that Lincoln is, taking one thing with another, the most interesting of English cities, we must allow that, as it has a formidable rival in York, it has another formidable rival in Chester. If we compare the City of the Legions with the Colony of Lindum, we shall perhaps be inclined to say that the mere written history of Chester surpasses in interest that of Lincoln, but that Lincoln is the most striking to visit, as its history has left more distinct traces in its present state. The position of the two cannot be compared. The Dee indeed is a far nobler stream than the polluted Witham, but the nearly flat site of Chester has no chance of producing the same wonderful effect as Lincoln on its promontory. Chester, alone among English cities, retains the perfect compass of its walls, and at more than one point of those walls the traces of Roman workmanship can be discerned. But Chester has no Roman remains *in situ* to be compared to the Newport of Lincoln, to say nothing of the

grand fragment of Roman wall-work which lies at some distance to the west of it. The castle of Chester contains work of more ancient date than the castle of Lincoln, and its position, commanding the bridge of the Dee, is one far from despicable. But it is as nothing compared with the proud steep on which at Lincoln castle and minster reign side by side. Chester again, nearly alone among English cities, can boast of two minsters—it would be only a slight stretch of language to say two cathedrals—but St. John's and St. Werburgh's together could never enter into rivalry with the church of Remigius and St. Hugh. In the matter of domestic architecture the two cities are more fairly balanced. The general effect of Chester is far more striking; the famous rows give it a character which is absolutely unique. But the real domestic antiquities of Chester are underground; what meets the eye, pleasing and picturesque as it is, is of comparatively late date, and there is nothing to set against the isolated domestic buildings in Lincoln, the Jews' House, the house of Saint Mary's Guild, and the other rare fragments of the domestic work of the twelfth century. In ecclesiastical domestic work Chester has the larger store in the extensive remains of its Abbey, but interesting and beautiful as they are, they hardly equal in general effect the stately ruins of the episcopal palace at Lincoln. Lastly, Chester and Lincoln alike fill a great place in the great crisis of English history, and Chester, as the last English city which held out against the Norman, fills a place above every other city. Still there is not at Chester any living witness of those times and of the changes which they wrought such as we see at Lincoln in the migration to the lower town and in the still abiding towers of Colswegen's churches. Altogether, Chester would supply a noble subject for a local history of the right kind—such a one, for instance, as Mr. Hinde has left behind him of Northumberland; while Lincoln supplies the greater store of attractive sites and objects for the musings of the historical antiquary.

The name of Chester alone proves its Roman antiquity; it also proves its importance, as having come to be known as "the city" or "the camp" emphatically. Still the name is historically a contraction. The Roman Deva became in later times the *Civitas Legionum*, the *Caerleon* of the Welsh, the *Legeceaster* (in several different spellings) of the English. Both names, it will be seen, Welsh and English, translate *Civitas Legionum*, the two tongues, according to their several habits, placing the qualifying word first in the English name and last in the Welsh. And we must note further that each name is borne also by another place in another part of Britain. The name of Caerleon on the Dee is simply the same as Caerleon on the Usk, and *Legeceaster*, in modern form *Leicester*, is the name equally of Chester and of the midland town which was a member of the Danish League. We presume therefore that if an Old-English writer had had occasion to speak of Caerleon-on-Usk, he would have spoken of that also as *Legeceaster*, and that, if a Welsh writer had had occasion to speak of the midland Leicester, he would have spoken of that also as *Caerleon*. In the like sort the name of *Winchester* and that of *Caerwent* in Monmouthshire are the identical names of *Venta Belgarum* and *Venta Silurum*. The old *Venta Icenorum* survives in the form of *Caistor*, which we need not say is merely a local form of *Chester*. The confusion between the two Caerleons and the two Legeceasters is naturally endless. Even so accurate a writer as Dr. Lingard (i. 347) carries certain Northmen to Leicester, who assuredly got no further than Chester, and having done this, he appropriately enough changes the voyage into a "march." It is less wonderful when Mr. John Williams ab Ithel, in his renowned edition of the Brut y Tywysogion, flounders hopelessly hither and thither, when the Welsh writer places the triumph of Edgar at *Caerleon*, and gives the same name to the Earldom held by Edward the First hero before he came to the Crown.

It would seem likely that the city did not receive this its quasi-descriptive name till it had already fallen—till it was no longer an existing city, but had passed for a while into the condition of a mighty and mysterious monument of past times. Let us carry our thoughts back once more to Pevsey; let us call up again the walls and towers of Anderida, the walls and towers which for so many ages have stood desolate, encompassing no single dwelling-place of man. When we look at Chester, its streets, its walls, its churches, its buildings old and new, it is hard to believe that for several ages Chester was as Anderida. The desolation and renewal of the City of the Legions are facts which admit of no doubt. We read expressly that in 894 a Danish army, followed by the forces of King *Ælfred* and the Ealdorman *Æthelred*, found shelter within its forsaken walls, and found means also to defend them during the whole winter. The way in which the Chronicler describes the desolate site is remarkable. The event happened "on anre wæstre ceastrre on Wirhealum; seo is Ligeceaster haten." The Roman city was then "a waste chester," the future proper name, curiously enough, being incidentally used as an appellative; but the "waste chester" still kept the memory of what it had been; it was Legeceaster, the City of the Legions, as indeed it already was in the days of *Beda*. The site then in 894 was utterly forsaken; when had it become so? We can hardly doubt that its desolation dates from 607, from the great victory of *Æthelfrith*, when he overthrew the Welsh beneath the walls and made his famous massacre of the monks of Bangor. That victory was the last great victory of English heathendom over British Christianity; Deva was most likely the last city which was made to share the fate of Jericho and Ai. Lincoln, as we have seen, was either never destroyed at all, or had been restored within twenty years after the destruction of Chester.

The desolation of Chester lasted exactly three hundred years.

The defence of the forsaken rampart by the Danes no doubt drew attention to the capabilities of the site, and the restoration of the City of the Legions formed a part of the great scheme of fortification planned by the renowned daughter of Alfred. In 907 Æthelflæd, the Lady of the Mercians, renewed Legeceaster, and the restored fortress at once took its place among the great cities of England. It gave its name to a shire, and presently assumed the function so long held by its modern neighbour Liverpool as one of the chief seats of communication with Ireland. Its name constantly occurs in the history of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the most famous day in its annals being that when Edgar, if our Scottish friends will let us believe it, was rowed by vassal Kings on the Dee. At last, as its conquest by Æthelred marks a stage in our history as the last conquest of our heathen forefathers, so its conquest by William marks the last stage of his work also. Chester remained unsubdued till early in 1070, and when it fell, England was finally conquered.

There is no part of the history of the Conquest which we should be better pleased to read in minute detail than the fall of the last independent English city, whose walls sheltered the widow of Harold, as the walls of Exeter had sheltered his mother. But while we do know something of the siege of Exeter, of the siege of Chester we know nothing. Chester fell, but we know not how; only the fact that Cheshire, like Yorkshire, was one of the districts marked out for special vengeance, seems to show that the resistance of town and shire must have been formidable. The city now became the capital of a great Earldom, or rather of a feudal principality in which the Earl well nigh took the place of the King. Had all William's Earls received the same privileges which Hugh the Wolf of Avranches received at Chester, England must have fallen to pieces as Germany did, and her resurrection might perchance have given offence to jealous neighbours.

The site of Chester in early times was one well suited for the growth of a great and a strong city. It has nothing of the hill-fort about it; the slope down to the river is very inconsiderable. Its strength as well as its fitness for commerce mainly lay in the river itself, which washed the walls of the city to a far greater extent than it does now. The bridge, which, together with the walls, the men of the whole shire joined of old to keep in repair, stands on the south side. On this side the Roman walls would seem to have been extended by Æthelflæd, who raised her mound, whose site is marked by the present castle, so as to command the bridge. To the west the water has retreated, and has left a large plain, the present race-course, between the wall and the river. The Water-gate and the Water-tower no longer open immediately on the stream, but the names show that the river came up to the wall in days far later than those of the dominion of Rome. To the north the canal occupies the site of the Roman ditch, and a walk along its banks affords some most picturesque views of the wall, including some of the surviving Roman portions. To the north and to the west the wall includes green fields within its bounds, a trace possibly of the three hundred years' desolation; the modern city has grown towards the east, and on this side the wall crosses one of the chief streets of the town. Every one who has seen Chester at all knows the walk along the walls, uninterrupted through its whole course, for, though all the ancient gates have vanished, the path has been carefully carried over their sites on modern arches. Every one also knows the rows: the double range of shops, the like of which we know nowhere else. That it should often have been likened to the arcades at Bern only shows how many people there are who are quite unable to take in any real likeness or unlikeness.

We have but short space left to speak of the two minsters. Chester, though not an ancient episcopal see, has had the curious fate of being at different times the seat of two distinct Bishoprics. At the time of the Conquest in 1070 Chester contained no monastic house; like Shrewsbury, it was a stronghold of the seculars, who possessed two important churches, one within and the other without the walls. Within the city was the church of St. Werburgh, from which the first Norman Earl, Hugh the Wolf, removed the secular canons, rebuilt the church, and turned it into Benedictine Abbey. A little before this, Peter, the first Norman Bishop of Lichfield, following the same policy as Remigius of Dorchester and John of Tours at Wells, removed the seat of his Bishopric from little Lichfield to greater Chester. He fixed his throne in the minster of St. John without the walls, the church then famous as the scene of the devotions of Edgar after his triumphal voyage, and which soon became more famous as the legendary scene of the penitence of Harold and of the Emperor Henry the Fifth. The stately Norman work which still remains in the church is most likely due to this Bishop. For his successor, Robert of Limesey, moved his throne again from St. John's to Earl Leofric's minster at Coventry. Still the Bishops were often spoken of as Bishops of Chester, and St. John's kept up a sort of vague claim to be looked on as a third cathedral church alongside of Coventry and Lichfield. Its pretensions however did not save it at the suppression of Colleges under Edward the Sixth, nor had they led Henry the Eighth to make it the see of the later Bishopric of Chester. For that purpose he chose the suppressed Abbey of Werburgh, which became the cathedral of an altogether new diocese, taken partly out of Lichfield and partly out of York, and stretching from Cheshire into Cumberland. Thus Chester may in a certain sense be said to contain two cathedrals, and oddly enough the episcopal dwelling, formerly made out of the Abbot's quarters at St. Werburgh's, has been lately moved to the near neighbourhood of St. John's.

Neither of the two Chester minsters can lay any claim to be looked on as churches of the first rank, but both are well worthy of careful study. St. John's is the smaller, but it must, when perfect, have been the finer building of the two. Unluckily it is cut short at both ends; the Lady chapel and part of the choir are in ruins; the west front and the central tower have vanished. The only tower now left is a late but very stately addition in nearly the same position as those of Dunkeld and Brechin. Inside, the arcades of nave and choir are examples of Romanesque, noble in their simplicity, but in the nave the triforium and clerestory have given way to a singular but effective composition of the next style. St. Werburgh's is on the whole more remarkable as preserving so much of the monastic buildings than from anything in the church itself. Cloister, refectory, chapter-house, Abbot's lodgings, all are there; it is one of the very best places for studying monastic arrangements. In the church but little of the Romanesque of Earl Hugh remains; the church has been rebuilt in various later styles, none perhaps of first-rate merit. West front it has none; the northern tower was swallowed up by the Abbot's house; a gigantic Perpendicular southern tower was begun but never carried up. The most striking feature on the whole is the enormous south transept of the fourteenth century, used as a district parish church, and forming one of the most curious examples of those disputes between the monks and the parishioners the result of which took so many different forms in different places. We may add that the Chapter of Chester does not labour under the same judicial blindness as some other bodies of the kind. Under a Dean who does not look on his office as a sinecure or as a means for grasping at further preferment, there is no fear of the nave of St. Werburgh's being left as a mere place to stare at or to wipe shoes in. Chester is perfectly safe; but while we are on the wing among our great churches, we should like to know the last news from Gloucester and Worcester.

#### INTERVIEWING.

THE methods of obtaining news of the war are almost as wonderful as the war itself. We were getting accustomed to the arrival of special correspondence with illustrations by balloon, but another novelty has been introduced in the transmission of intelligence from France or Germany to London, by way of America. The Correspondent of the *New York Herald* "interviews" the French Emperor or one of his marshals, and sends a long report by Atlantic telegraph to his employer, who forthwith sends it back again by the same means to Europe. It appears rather strange that news, like Madeira wine, should be supposed to be improved by a sea-voyage. It might have been thought that the English newspapers which are so anxious to copy from the *New York Herald* might have obtained equally valuable intelligence for themselves; but perhaps the art of interviewing, which has been brought to high perfection in America, has not yet been thoroughly studied by English journalists. We may suspect, however, that the art of being interviewed will begin to receive from European politicians the attention which it manifestly deserves. A few judicious compliments to the press and to the United States will obtain a world-wide circulation for any statement to which it is desired to give publicity. We cannot help suspecting that the French Emperor, when he allowed himself to be interviewed by the Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, took a hint from the "constant reader of your valuable journal" who is familiar to the editors of English newspapers. His comparison of France with America in point of intelligence and morality partakes of the character of the article which an American would call soft sawder. The Correspondent had informed him that the change in the form of government in France had aroused the sympathy of the American people, and the Emperor took the opportunity of transmitting to these sympathizers a gentle lecture upon their foolishness in doing that which may be described in homely language as measuring other people's corn by one's own bushel. Americans congratulate France and Spain upon the establishment, or attempt at establishment, of republics, and we have little doubt that the same Americans would establish republics in Russia and Turkey if they had the chance. The Emperor strokes down the apostle of freedom with considerable skill. A republic, he says, in effect, is an admirable thing, but you cannot have it without republicans, and these, properly speaking, do not exist in France. He proceeds to illustrate the political indifference which prevails in France by mentioning an incident which we are grieved to confess is not wholly unparalleled in England. A vacancy having occurred in the representation of the department of the Jura, a wealthy and well-known citizen was chosen almost unanimously, "without ever having been asked to make known his political convictions." It can hardly have happened that a constituency in England has elected a member first, and asked what was his party afterwards; but it has happened many times that the question of party has been treated as subordinate to considerations of name or local connexion, or to the question of how much money the candidate was prepared to spend. In America every man and woman talks so much that it would be difficult to remain ignorant of the opinions of any prominent person of either sex, whether on politics or any other human or divine subject. It never occurred to the peasants of the Jura that their wealthy neighbour whom they elected should be the exponent of their political views. Indeed it is to be feared that, in the shocking state of destitution of these peasants, they were as unprovided with "views" as with

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black dress-coats or white cravats. But in America of course everybody has views, and is ready to propagate them on the shortest notice, and at any hour of the day or night. The Emperor is, therefore, correct in saying that a republic in America and a republic in France are as different as black is from white; and if this remark reaches the minds of Americans by means of the Atlantic cable, the Correspondent of the *New York Herald* will not have interviewed the Emperor in vain. Educated Englishmen do not in general now believe that an imitation of their own form of government must necessarily be suitable to the wants of nations whose character and history are altogether different from their own, and perhaps intelligent Americans might be convinced, or at least flattered, by the Emperor's explanation of the difference between the circumstances of their country and that which was lately his.

Perhaps the business of interviewing will shortly become more familiar than it now is to English journalists, but at present it is difficult to understand how the Correspondent is able to vouch for the accuracy of his report of a long conversation. He could hardly carry a notebook into the presence of an Emperor; and even if he did, he could not take notes of his own speeches, which appear to us the most remarkable part of the interviews which he reports. The Emperor appealed, through the Correspondent, to the frank-hearted and generous nation which he represented, and asked it to disbelieve the slanderous accusations of enemies, who had charged the Emperor with appropriating the public funds and conjuring up war to conceal malversation. The Correspondent desires the Emperor to set his mind at ease, and informs him that in the United States a good cook is always allowed to lick his fingers. "I have shown," says the Emperor, "that by far the largest part of my civil list has been expended by me for the benefit of the public institutions of the country." The Correspondent answers that he has seen the statement mentioned by His Majesty, and he desires to assure him "that no blame or reproach is attached to a public officer or to the Chief Magistrate of the United States for saving as much as he is able during the term of his office." As this statement has been telegraphed to America and back again to Europe, we may assume that it has been "endorsed," as an American would say, by the *New York Herald*. If we had said anything at all like this, how angry the American newspapers would have been! But they cannot reasonably complain if we accept the account which they are pleased to give of themselves. Every public functionary in the United States makes the best bag he can for himself during his term of office, and if any remark is made upon his conduct, "such recriminations are considered unworthy of the attention of respectable people in America." It is fair to the Correspondent to observe that it rather appears, from his report, as if the Emperor had been speaking of one thing while he was speaking of another. The Emperor complained of an imputation that he had appropriated money voted for public purposes to making a private purse. The Correspondent answers that the Emperor need not disturb himself, because in the United States every Chief Magistrate saves all he can in office. He probably refers to savings out of salary or allowance for expenses, but, if he does, he ought to have remembered that the worst enemy of the Emperor or Empress never accused them of practising economy in their household. He may mean, and perhaps he is right in saying, that if President Grant chooses to live in a single room, dine alone upon bread and cheese, and drive out in a hack fly, in order to put together a pot of money against his retirement, any complaint of such penurious proceedings would be disregarded by American respectability. He can hardly mean that even President Grant is at liberty to pocket as much as he pleases of the money voted for building ironclads or for maintaining an army to coerce Indians in the Far West. But then if he does not mean this, he can hardly mean anything at all. The accusations against the Emperor "in the matter of the loaves and fishes," as he tersely puts it, may be true or false, but they can hardly be regarded as immaterial, even in the eyes of a nation which has the happiness to enjoy a public sentiment based upon general intelligence and morality which do not exist in France. However, the Correspondent, on his own showing, assured the Emperor that he need not trouble himself to vindicate his honesty in pecuniary transactions, and passed on to interrogate him as to his conduct in the war. We cannot but feel, as we read this report, that history has lost much by the failure of the Americans to invent interviewing in the time of the First Napoleon. A Correspondent established at St. Helena would have obtained endless revelations of the highest interest in policy and war, seasoned, to suit the American palate, with bitter abuse of England. The account of what the Emperor said, or is supposed by the Correspondent to have said, to explain his military disasters, comes to this, that he and the officers in whom he trusted were alike ignorant of their own weakness, and of the strength of the enemy whom they so rashly challenged. The Emperor is made to say that it was probably not the fault of the heart of these officers, but of their head, that they made mistakes in enumerating troops. This remark was perhaps hardly worth the cost of transmission to America and back. Its only value consists in showing that neither the Emperor nor the Correspondent could find anything to say of the Emperor or of Marshal Lebeuf except that they meant well. The Emperor further informed the Correspondent that the Prussian terms of peace were too severe, and that he would not desire the restoration of the Empire either for himself or for his son. It is needless to remark that this sentiment, supposing the Emperor to entertain it, is susceptible of future modification.

The same Correspondent, with commendable activity, hunted up Marshal Bazaine two days after he had seen the Emperor. The report of this interview also has been transmitted to New York, and has come back thence to the English newspapers, which have, we think, invested in a very dear article. The Correspondent did not even ask the Marshal whether he dyed his moustache. It is evident that this question, if answered in the affirmative, would have given occasion to other questions equally interesting. We should have liked to know what hair-dye the Marshal used, and whether the article became scarce in Metz during the siege. The Marshal has told the Correspondent that he may call upon him as often as he pleases, and ask him any amount of questions, and we hope that the Correspondent will be equal to improving the magnificent opportunity thus afforded to him. When he has got all he can out of Marshal Bazaine, he can, if he pleases, come to England, and ask Mr. Gladstone whether he wrote a certain article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and what he thinks of the Russo-Turkish difficulty; and he might ask the Duke of Cambridge how many soldiers he could send abroad within a month. The answers to these questions, if he could obtain them, would be worth to our newspapers the cost of transmission by the roundabout method of the Atlantic cable.

## BISHOP KETTELER'S LETTER TO LORD ACTON.

OUR readers may recollect that we called attention some weeks ago to a remarkable Letter published by Lord Acton, and addressed to "a German Bishop of the Vatican Council," of the contents of which we gave a brief summary. Its object was to recall to the minds of the Opposition bishops the pledges they had publicly given before the world of their resistance to the imposition of the new dogma, and their rejection of the usurped authority which sought to enforce it. And the greater part of the pamphlet is accordingly made up of quotations from their own written statements, the original Latin text being in every case given in a foot-note. Considering that some of these prelates have since publicly promulgated the decree, while the great body of them have preserved a suspicious silence, and very few have openly spoken out against it, the challenge was no doubt a serious one. For as to their previous utterances against the dogma itself and the legitimacy of the Council, as Lord Acton justly observes, "no verdict could be more unambiguous, no language plainer, no testimony more emphatic." Bishop Ketteler of Mayence has now taken up the gauntlet, and, if positive assertion and vigorous vituperation afford a test of truth, it cannot be denied that he has much the better of his antagonist. He is not content with informing Lord Acton that "veracity is the first condition of an exchange of opinion," and that if, as he suspects, Lord Acton took any part in the Letters in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (of which a word presently) he must have lost all sense of veracity. He tells us further—and the statement is printed in capital letters—that he "has no hesitation in declaring the letter of Lord Acton to be a production which is crammed with untruths, and proceeds from a stand-point which belies the simplest first principles of the Church." Such phraseology is hardly usual in a controversy conducted between gentlemen; nor is there, we need hardly say, anything the least like it in Lord Acton's letter, which is not less courteous than outspoken. Whatever else it may prove, it obviously serves to gauge the extreme irritation of his critic, and that in itself would induce one to suspect the cap fitted only too well. After this fierce denunciation we cannot of course be surprised that the Bishop should indignantly repudiate Lord Acton's claim to speak for anybody but himself, though we fail to see why his being "a disciple of Döllinger"—as Bishop Ketteler himself was till very recently—can disprove his "right to come forward as the representative of a great portion of the cultured Catholic world," who notoriously look up to Döllinger with the highest respect and admiration; and as Lord Acton makes no assertion for which he does not give his authority in black and white, the point raised is really quite irrelevant. Since, however, the Bishop has elected to open his attack by questioning the competence of the witness, he cannot regard it as any discourtesy if his own right to speak, as he does throughout, as the authoritative representative of the minority, should be challenged—the more so as he does not give any authority beyond his own assertion for his interpretation of their views and aims. Before, therefore, entering on the argument of his letter, if such it can be called, we shall say a few words on the position and antecedents of the writer.

We have seen that Bishop Ketteler is very wroth with the Letters on the Council which appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, with which he conceives Lord Acton to be mixed up. How far that may be the case we are in no position to say, nor does it in the least matter to the present controversy. But those who have perused the Letters, which are now being published in English, or our own articles on the Council, in which they were frequently referred to, will be at no loss to understand the reason of the Bishop's extreme soreness on this point. No one indeed can know better than Bishop Ketteler that they contain by far the most authentic record of the Council to be found anywhere, but then there is no single member of the minority who has less reason to desire that an authentic record should be preserved at all. As early as last February he made a violent attack on these Letters in another German newspaper, wherein he accused the writer, much as he now accuses Lord Acton, of "indescribable dishonesty," "detestable untruth," and "a whole system of lying and deceit." Those who wish to know the alleged grounds of this sweeping indict-

ment will find them examined and answered one by one in the twenty-sixth *Letter of Quirinus*. They will probably come to the conclusion that the real reason of the attack was that only too faithful a picture is there drawn of—we will not say the “indescribable dishonesty,” but—the indescribable vacillation of Bishop Ketteler himself, who never seemed to know his own mind from one day to another. Such, at all events, was the view taken of him, and not unnaturally, by Pius IX. himself, who observed:—“Io non capisco cosa vuole quel Ketteler, che un giorno distribuisce delle brochure contro della mia infallibilità, e che il giorno dopo scrive nei giornali che sia pieno di devozione per me, e che crede alla mia infallibilità; pare che sia proprio mezzo”; and here the Pope made a gesture implying he thought the Bishop was not quite right in his head. Unkind critics said that he was being worked upon by the Jesuits, with whom he lodged in the German College, and was gradually paving the way for his transition to the ranks of the majority. Be that as it may, “nemo fuit nunquam sic impudens,” and so little qualified to come forward as interpreter of the mind of the Opposition, to which he can hardly be said to have ever seriously adhered. It was he who, on July 9th, advised the minority to accept a new and artfully devised form of the infallibilist decree; it was he who again, on the evening of the 12th, urged them all to vote *juxta modum* instead of *non placet*; and when the final Protest was drawn up before the Solemn Session for promulgating the new dogma, there was one, and one only, of the eighty-eight *non placets* who refused to sign it. That one was Bishop Ketteler, who now has what we can only call the effrontery to come forward as the expositor of its true meaning, and to assert—what is on the face of it absurd, and known also to be contrary to the fact—that it was not intended to pledge the protesting bishops to any further steps.

Perhaps, after this, it may seem hardly necessary to controvert in detail the Bishop's exposition of the policy of the party which he did so much to weaken and disorganize by hanging on to its skirts, but to which he never really belonged. However, we may as well point out that the bishops whose course of action Lord Acton criticizes are not more happy in the defence set up for them than in their self-elected champion. His main point is that they consistently opposed the definition while it was still an open question, but at once yielded their submission when the “Holy Ghost had spoken” by the Council. Bishop Ketteler can speak, of course, for himself, but he must know perfectly well that it was throughout an integral part of the contention of the minority that a decree passed by a mere numerical majority, and in a Synod deprived of all legitimate freedom, would have no validity, and would not be the voice of the Holy Ghost at all. Not to dwell here on the very strong language used by individual prelates of note, like Archbishop Kenrick, and by the two French bishops whose letters appeared in the *Journal des Débats* and in the *Times*, and who expressly asserted that, as the Council had no liberty, it could have no authority, it is enough here to refer to the Protest of the minority against the revised *regolamento* on March 4. They there tell the Pope that if dogmas are passed under these conditions, their “consciences will be oppressed with an intolerable burden,” and the “authority and ecumenical character of the Council undermined.” It is possible that Ketteler did not sign this Protest, but when he roundly denies that the minority acted as a party, or “had any common programme,” we can only say that if to hold constant meetings, national and international, at which every step of importance was discussed and decided upon, is not to have a common programme and act as an organized party, it is hard to say what it is. That Bishop Ketteler himself sometimes held aloof, and often did his best to paralyse their common action, is true enough. It is also true that the minority was hampered all along by its internal divisions, from its including “inopportunist” as well as anti-infallibilists in its ranks, though many of the former were converted during their residence at Rome to the latter view. It was thus made up, as a friendly critic has observed, of “Ultra-montanes in the mask of Liberals, and Liberals in the mask of Ultra-montanism,” and had to fight the king's troops in the king's name, being shy above all things of a personal conflict with the Pope. All this of course induced much weakness and vacillation of policy. Nevertheless the Opposition did act together under recognized leaders, and, as time went on, its principles became more clearly defined, and it gained in moral no less than in material strength. But to the last the leaders could never fully rely on the loyalty and moral courage of the mass of their party, and hence their hesitation at the last critical moment, which Ketteler chooses to misinterpret into a resolve to submit to the decree. They could secure an all but unanimous protest—the Bishop of Mayence being the sole defaulter—but they could not reckon on a unanimous *non placet* in presence of the Pope. Some even of the most determined adversaries of the new dogma were in favour of the course actually adopted, from the conviction that they would thus best teach Catholics to reject a Council which was neither legitimate in constitution, free in action, nor unanimous in doctrine, and whose decrees would ere long be inevitably swept away by the advancing tide of a reaction already imminent, which the episcopate could do little to hasten and the Papacy was powerless to avert.

It would be impossible here, and is quite superfluous, to examine in detail the accuracy of Lord Acton's quotations, which his censor has the singular indiscretion to impeach. Any one who chooses to compare the two letters can do that for himself. But we must observe that the charge of misquoting and distorting passages from the *Synopsis Observationum* is curiously infelicitous, while the

charge of a sinful violation of secrecy in referring to them at all is simply ludicrous. It is no doubt often impossible to say what the real context of a passage contained in the official *Synopsis* is; for this—which is the only statement of the views of the minority printed or allowed to be printed at Rome at all during the Council—was put together under the auspices of the Court officials, with the careful suppression throughout of the writers' names, and of whatever portion of their written opinions it was thought desirable to withdraw from view. It is a *minimum* statement of their views and objections, condensed and thrown into shape by hostile hands, and probably watered down a good deal in the process. As for its not being intended for publicity by the Curia, that is likely enough. The writers had no voice in the matter, but they showed their own desire to secure publicity for their views by bringing out, according to Bishop Ullathorne, no less than sixty pamphlets during the progress of the Council, all of which, however, had to be printed beyond the jurisdiction of the Papal Government, and smuggled into Rome in spite of it. That many of them, both in the *Synopsis* and in their other writings, opposed the dogma is not only inopportune but false, Bishop Ketteler must be perfectly aware. To reply that their objections were directed against the earlier draft of the *Schema* on the Primacy, and not against the decree actually passed, is worse than futile, for the ultimate form of the decree is much stronger than that originally proposed. It is equally futile to say that their objections are *ipso facto* refuted by the infallible decision of the Church, unless indeed the Church can claim a power, which the devoutest Theist would not think of ascribing to the Deity, of undoing historical facts. Moreover, as we said before, they challenged, not only the dogma, but the authority of the Council. Bishop Ketteler himself, in his well-known work, *Freiheit, Autorität, Kirche*, published in 1862, taught that “the principle of Catholicism” is “adherence to what the Church, when adequately represented, has defined,” and that “her infallible authority only extends to truths proclaimed by Christ, and resides in the whole body of the Episcopate, united to the successor of St. Peter.” He must now believe, if he accepts the Vatican decree, that it resides in the Roman Pontiff alone, independently of the consent of the Church, and that the supreme authority of the Church, for all matters of faith, morals, discipline, and government, resides not principally, but exclusively, in him alone. Very likely he is quite ready to eat his own words, but he has no reason to complain if some of his colleagues are less facile adepts in the art of self-stultification. To judge from the tone of his Letter and of the second Fulda Pastoral, which he subscribed the other day, and most probably had a hand in drawing up, one would suppose that he was delighted with the decree of “the Holy Ecumenical Vatican Council,” and anticipated from them nothing but unmixed blessings for the Church. Yet, if so, he must have already forgotten a little scene which occurred in the Vatican at nine in the evening of the 15th of last July—three days before the last Solemn Session—when a deputation of six of the minority bishops, of whom he was one, had a private audience of the Pope, to entreat him at the eleventh hour to withdraw or modify the obnoxious decree. Darboy, who was the spokesman, had exhausted his eloquence, and Pius IX., as is his wont when driven into a corner, evaded their importunities by the startling assertion that “he had not yet read the *Schema*, and did not know what it contained.” Darboy accordingly promised to send him a copy of it. Then Ketteler came forward and flung himself at the Pope's feet, and there remained prostrate several minutes, “entreating the Father of the Catholic world to make some concession, and thus restore to the Church and the episcopate their lost unity and peace.” Ketteler's prostration seemed likely to succeed where Darboy's arguments had failed, and the Pope dismissed them with a hopeful answer. But next morning, when the report that he was yielding got about, Archbishop Manning and Bishop Senestrey hurried at once to the Vatican, and soon frightened him back into orthodox implacability by the threat that his name would be branded in history as a second Honorius. We are quoting, it is true, one of the “detestable” Letters in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, but it was written from Rome four days after the event, and the writer evidently gained his information from one of the bishops who were present. And now we think we have said enough to dispose of the value of the Bishop of Mayence's testimony as an exponent of the views and intentions of the Opposition, to which his precarious alliance brought nothing but perplexity and disaster, while his real animus is indicated by the *sobriquet* he bore all along among his German colleagues at the Council, “the Romanizing Ketteler.”

#### M. ROUHER'S CONFIDENCES.

THE capture of M. Rouher's correspondence at Cercy has been announced from the Prussian head-quarters with much glee, and with a significant hint, which has no doubt had its effect in various quarters, that at the right moment some startling disclosures may be expected of secret plots and complicated perfidy. It will rest with Count Bismarck to determine when that moment has arrived. In the case of the Benedetti Treaty he showed that he could bide his time, and a long period of cruel suspense may possibly be in store for M. Rouher and the other unfortunate statesmen and princes who may be compromised by these papers. Meanwhile some other confidential documents drawn up

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by M. Rouher have been included in the Tuilleries manuscripts which are just now being given to the world by the Parisian Government. There is nothing particularly new in the letters of the President of the Senate, unless it be the disclosure that he himself originated the idea of the plebiscitum, and that it was in contemplation for nearly two years before it was actually put in force. In 1868 the Emperor and his courtiers had begun to be very uneasy at the aspect of domestic affairs. They had been frightened into giving a certain degree of freedom to the press, and were still more frightened at the result. They were now at a loss to know whether they should advance or recede. M. Rouher was keen for going back. It was a mistake for the Empire ever to have relaxed its hold upon the newspapers, and the only remedy was to tighten its grasp upon them once again. To cover the movement, an appeal to the people was suggested. "The press and hostile parties are violently employing the new liberties against the stability of our institutions; the country is loyally consulted on the propriety of adjourning the reforms proposed on the 19th January." This was to be the question submitted to the nation. M. Rouher leaves no doubt as to the motive of this proceeding, for he counsels the Emperor, in a vigorous letter, at the very moment of consulting the country, to seize the *armes disciplinaires* of 1852, which should never have been allowed to pass from his hands. A memorandum from the same pen, on the choice of a Minister of the Interior, deserves a prominent place in the "*mémoires pour servir*" of the day. It certainly tells us nothing which was not in substance notorious enough before, but it is an able and amusing paper, and is highly characteristic both of the writer and of the political system of which he was a conspicuous agent. In sketching his contemporaries he unconsciously portrays himself, and brings into strong relief the peculiar habits of mind and action which distinguished the Second Empire. Personal government is personal in a deeper and wider sense than is perhaps generally appreciated. It is personal, not only in the absolute authority of the monarch, but in the interests to which he appeals, and the influences by which in turn he is himself surrounded and controlled. A constitutional sovereign has to deal with a great body of public opinion, to which he can always appeal to protect him from other dominations. He is the servant of one master, but the despot is the slave of many—the slave, not only of his own weaknesses and passions, but of the swarm of struggling parasites who prey upon his power, the favourites to whom he has surrendered himself, the statesmen and soldiers he cannot dispense with, the very rogues he has bought. It is the magnitude of his power that tempts attack. The would-be Mayor of the Palace knows that in controlling one man he holds the key of empire, and that his supremacy depends on keeping all competitors at a distance from the throne. In the curious autobiographical vindication which M. Ollivier published last year, he drew a graphic picture of M. Rouher as Vice-Emperor, swaying his master and barring the way to the closest against all rivals, and M. Rouher's own memorandum seems to justify the charge. At the time when it was drawn up the Marquis of Lavalette had just exchanged the portfolio of the Interior for that of Foreign Affairs, and a battle was waging round the Emperor for the nomination of a successor. M. Pinard, a third-rate barrister, who had scarcely been heard of beyond the Palace, was backed by the Marquis himself; M. Walewski supported the claims of M. Émile Ollivier; and M. Rouher's business was to disparage all other candidates, and force, as it were, a card of his own. For this purpose his memorandum was adroitly composed. Affecting to make a careful and impartial search though all the chief bodies of the State, the magistracy, the Chamber, the Senate, and Council of State, he flashes his lantern to and fro so as to exhibit only blemishes and deformities, and to discredit the whole series of possible Ministers with the exception of the one figure—M. Magne—on whom he turned his bull's-eye with a flattering light. M. Rouher, however, is discreet enough not to betray his partiality by too complete an absence of shading in the portrait of his *protégé*. He acknowledges that M. Magne is somewhat soft in character, and too devoted to the welfare of his relatives; but the first of these defects would come into play only in the event of an *émeute*, when the military authorities would at once take up the matter; and as to his nepotism, it must be pretty well exhausted by this time, after all he had already done for his family. In its way this is quite as good as the "litter of rose-leaves and noise of the nightingales" in the auctioneer's advertisement.

It is a familiar reproach to the Empire, of which a melancholy confirmation has been afforded in the present state of affairs, that it failed to produce any capable public men; but the worst enemies of the system never pronounced a more contemptuous verdict on the Imperial *queue* than the President of the Senate and ex-Minister of State. If you take his word for it, the honest men are all fools and the clever ones all rogues. Not that he says this bluntly and plainly in so many words, but the impression left on the mind is quite as distinct as if he did. Occasionally he betrays his fear of a formidable opponent by the vehemence of his disdain. He excuses himself from discussing the qualifications of M. Latour-Dumoulin, as it would be out of place to do so in a document with any pretensions to be serious. While complaining of the persistent attacks in the Chamber and the press directed against himself by M. Walewski and M. Ollivier, he sneers at these fires of straw, which a few *satisfactions* would soon extinguish. Ollivier is described as a fickle and infatuated creature, tangled in a mesh of equivocal relations with dangerous parties and opinions. But

it is seldom M. Rouher resorts to such a downright mode of attack; he prefers pricks to blows. His favourite method of disparaging a candidate is to damn with faint praise, and to affect a personal anxiety to speak well of those whom he is really doing his utmost to discredit. The Presidents of Tribunals and Solicitors-General, he owns, are very worthy men in their way, but for the most part too old and too exclusively mere lawyers for such a place as the Ministry of the interior. It is much the same with the Senate and the Council of State; one man is too old, another too young; those who might do as for age are disqualified on other grounds, as being angular in manner, with a harsh, unprepossessing voice, or given to double-dealing, or glibly superficial. Baron Leroy has all the "external surface" for a Minister, but wants pith; he is soft, and enfeebled by political scepticism. Mr. Chevreau, again, is a clever speaker, and well up in Parliamentary work, but too susceptible to political influences from various camps, and also to the *odor della femminilità*. For M. Pinard a special dose of this kind of oily poison is reserved, and it is applied in such a way that M. Pinard's patron should be anointed too. No doubt M. Pinard is a very able young man, has made some smart speeches, and in after years might perhaps be fit for a place in the Government. But at present he is too young and inexperienced for such responsibilities; and besides—and here is the sting for M. de Lavalette—would not those who recommended him be accused of having sought out a young man who by reason of his inexperience was more completely under their influence, and more available as a mere *prétexte* for their own ends? For the young man's own sake, M. Rouher hoped he would be spared the painful ordeal of a position for which he was still so unripe. As the event proved, M. Rouher was right. For M. Pinard got the place, the Marquis being just then in the ascendant, had a terrible year of office, battling with the newspapers, raining prosecutions and penalties on all sides, making himself and the Government ridiculous and M. Rochefort famous by his struggle with the *Lanterne*, finally forcing the Baudin business to a head in street rioting, and then disappearing in disgrace. A very significant passage in this memorandum, as illustrating the personal conditions under which the Empire was carried on, is that relating to M. de Laguéronnière. The editor of *La France* had, it seems, destined himself for the Ministry of the Interior, and probably counted on the Empress's support. M. Rouher demonstrates his unfitness for the office, if only on account of his *camaraderies périlleuses* with the press, and proceeds to warn the Emperor of the danger of leaving men of this stamp to brood over their disappointments in Paris and vent their vexation in acid criticisms. The suggestion that diplomatic places should be provided for such men, "as a safeguard for them against themselves," is probably an explanation of M. Prevost-Paradol's fatal appointment to Washington.

There is another aspect in which the personal character of the late Government is illustrated in this document, and that is in the cynically frank definition of the duties of the Ministry of the Interior as regards the management of men, and especially of journalists. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of the Empire than the contrast between the faith of the Government in the existence of an honest, thoughtful public opinion somewhere in the country, as proved by their anxiety to influence it through the press; and, on the other hand, their constant uniform assumption, in all their dealings with those who were brought into direct contact with them, that "devotion" was a purely commercial article, and must be bought, not perhaps necessarily by hard cash, but by personal advantage of one kind or another. Of course we did not need M. Rouher to tell us that one of the chief duties of the Minister of the Interior was to manipulate the press; but nothing can be more explicit than his description of the means by which this is to be accomplished. The official press had to be inspired on the one hand, and, on the other, the Opposition press kept in order by *communiqués* and prosecutions. The first thought of the Empire was to bribe; its next resort, to bully. A paper which has been reproduced from the Emperor's cabinet along with this memorandum exhibits in very clear detail the process of management to which the President refers. There was no difficulty, of course, as to the "devoted" journals. They were hired at various prices, some of them cheaply enough, for in one instance a Prefect asks only 20*l.* "pour un rédacteur économique." The other papers had to be got at indirectly. A contributor was bought up when the editor or proprietor proved incorruptible; and even the most independent journals—so it is boasted in this report to the Emperor—could at any time be houssed by means of news agencies like that of Havas, which was at the command of the Minister for disseminating any tales he chose to furnish. Foreign journals were paid by the job, and sometimes, we are told, the circuitous process was gone through of sending an article to be printed, say in a London morning paper, and then quoting it throughout the French press. Where corruption failed, force was appealed to. M. Rouher appears to be quite of the same mind with our English Comtists as to the public duty of grinding down what Mr. Congreve calls recalcitrant elements. Journalists whose support was not for hire must be put down with a strong hand. "It is above all," M. Rouher says, "by domestic discipline that governments maintain and fortify themselves. It is an illusion to hope to appease or reconcile adversaries; the most certain way to conquer them is to secure the energetic convergence of governmental forces." From M. Rouher's point of view the source of the disasters of the Empire may be traced to a weak coquetry with the Liberal party, and the Emperor seems to be now of

much the same mind. In consistency there is no doubt a certain strength, but M. Rouher conveniently forgets that the necessity for the concessions he condemns arose from the too vigorous application of his own principles, under which both the press and the country had at length grown restive.

#### MR. AYRTON ON HISTORY AND BEER.

**M**R. AYRTON has presided at a meeting held to listen to a lecture delivered by one of the advocates of what is strangely called the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill, and, as usual upon such occasions, Mr. Ayrton himself addressed the meeting by way of introduction to the lecture. We are not concerned with the lecturer, who probably only delivered himself of the usual commonplaces, but we are much concerned with Mr. Ayrton. It would be desirable to know that which the report of Mr. Ayrton's speech leaves in doubt—namely, whether Mr. Ayrton, either individually or jointly with the other members of the Government to which he belongs, will support the Permissive Bill when it is next brought into the House of Commons. The supporters of this Bill may be convenient friends and troublesome enemies, but some regard may also be prudently given to its opponents. The truth is that, even if the Bill were passed, it could not be enforced in the metropolis, and Mr. Ayrton might perhaps find the Tower Hamlets a warm place if he had voted for a measure which would affect the daily personal comfort of many of his supporters. Mr. Ayrton probably desires as much as possible to conciliate both the supporters and the opponents of the measure, but a time will come when the fanatical advocates of compulsory temperance will proclaim that whosoever is not with them is against them. Mr. Ayrton delivers a speech in which he declares himself an admirer of temperance. It is not often that we agree with Mr. Ayrton, but it does so happen that we admire temperance ourselves. But if we were asked whether we would support the Permissive Bill, we should answer unhesitatingly in the negative. Mr. Ayrton appears to desire to avoid answering this question as long as possible. He has made a speech of which the report occupies nearly a column of the *Times*, and which does not answer it. He tells us that certain foreboders of evil had predicted that, if the franchise were reduced, the lower strata of society would be drowned in beer. We do not ourselves remember to have heard this prediction, but perhaps the Niagara of which we did hear may have been river of beer. But the Reformed Parliament has not only not turned on any additional supply of malt liquor, but, on the contrary, has turned off part of the supply which was permitted before its time. That Parliament, says Mr. Ayrton, has conferred on the country one of the greatest possible benefits in laying down the principle, and partially applying it, that no intoxicating drinks shall be freely sold, but that the sale of all such drinks shall be brought under the restraints of the law. Further, Mr. Ayrton himself, in his humble position as a member of the Government, offered every facility for the passing of the statute which laid down this principle. Having got as far as this in Mr. Ayrton's speech, we turn to the statute-book, to see what was the Act of Parliament which passed in spite of the support of Mr. Ayrton. We find, to our gratification, that we are again in agreement with him. The Act which gave to the justices a control over the licensing of beer-houses would have been considered by us a desirable measure, although we should not have represented it as laying down any new principle. In truth, the principle is very old, as is also the remark which Mr. Ayrton makes, that the extending its application is surrounded with great practical difficulty. The advocates of the Permissive Bill rush in where cautious legislators hesitate to tread. Mr. Ayrton aggravates the difficulty of which he speaks by lending his name to those enthusiasts who profess to see no difficulty at all. The principle, he says again, has been proclaimed, and the framing of a law may be safely left to the Legislature, because that law would be full of minute details. Here Mr. Ayrton's language becomes conveniently obscure. It is doubtless true that the Act of 1869, which gave to justices a control over the licensing of beer-houses, is full of minute details. But the question raised by the authors of the Permissive Bill involves a principle of the highest importance, and if these authors continue their indefatigable exertions, Mr. Ayrton will be compelled some day to declare whether he does or does not accept this principle. It is true that Mr. Ayrton, towards the conclusion of his speech, professed to regard it as his duty to advance "this legislation" as far as possible. But we want to know what legislation Mr. Ayrton means, or where he places the limit of possibility. When he was taxed with having used public-houses in his last election, he answered that his opponent, Mr. Coope, was a great brewer, and he deemed it necessary to fight him with his own weapons. We think this a fair answer, but it would scarcely be satisfactory to the authors of the Permissive Bill. Mr. Ayrton says that he has proposed to prohibit the use of public-houses in electioneering contests, and it is evident that such a proposal has much to recommend it. At any rate, it may be placed in the category of reasonable suggestions, to which the Permissive Bill does not belong.

The historical portion of Mr. Ayrton's speech is curious. He describes an era which apparently preceded the passing of the first Reform Act, and the invention of demagogues of the Ayrton type, when all the relations of life depended upon two or more people having together a pot of beer. If there was any intercourse at all

between hard-working men and persons of independent means, the only compliment interchanged was the tendering and receiving a pot of beer. We feel tempted to ask Mr. Ayrton whether he thinks that because he is virtuous there ought to be no more cakes and ale? If an artisan does a job at a gentleman's house, he still sometimes asks for a glass of beer, and gets it. If two friends meet after being long parted, it is still considered natural that they should drink together. Formerly in the country if you made a morning visit you were invited, and indeed expected, to take cake and wine. As Mr. Ayrton would say, the intercourse of society depended upon people taking a glass of wine together, and a very harmless and pleasant intercourse it was. One of the most general and, we should have thought, laudable habits of mankind was that of hospitality. A crust of bread and a cup of beer was given freely, at many ancient houses, to every one who asked for it. Mr. Ayrton, we suppose, would have substituted water for the beer. But it was not only the individual gentleman or squire who invited the individual labourer to drink beer. Whenever the Legislature found great discontent among the working-classes, the remedy which it applied was to establish free-trade in beer. "They appear to have had the idea that by adding to the consumption of drink they would calm the spirits of the people, and they, a corrupt Parliament, would be left in the full enjoyment of their power." But this scheme disappointed its authors. The more beer the people drank the more troublesome they became to their rulers, until at last the Reform Act had to be passed to satisfy them. Still, says Mr. Ayrton, there was no progress made in reforming the drinking habits of the people. Indeed, there was rather retrogression; because after Reform had been granted, the demand for free-trade in corn sprang up, and when this was obtained, it seemed unreasonable that a people who had received a full allowance of bread should be stinted of their beer. Mr. Ayrton's view of the political history of England is almost as original and striking as that which is propounded in Mr. Disraeli's novels. We knew before that the Beer Act was passed in 1830, and the Reform Act in 1832, but we did not know till now that the object of the former was to remove the necessity for the latter. The preamble of the Beer Act, which recited that it was expedient to make better provision for supplying the public with beer in England, disguised the true object of the Act, which was to divert the public from political agitation. But if this was the aim of the authors of the Act, they were disappointed. As Mr. Ayrton says, "The people only seemed to get excited by the new enjoyment." Having obtained improved beer, they demanded reform in Parliament; and much to the surprise of the Ayrtons of the period, the Reform Act was not found to have any tendency to make people sober. Then came Free-trade, which tended the other way, and so we reach the period when Mr. Ayrton himself becomes a part of history. His account of his own political friends is the most remarkable portion of his speech. Having always advocated giving the franchise to all those settled working-men who were most competent to exercise it, "he was happy to think that the first effort of the new Parliament was directed to legislative restriction of the sale of beer." The obvious comment upon this passage is that, if the model or "settled" working-man cannot govern himself, he is unfit to share in governing the country.

If Mr. Ayrton were capable of learning that which official experience usually teaches, he would know that the difficulty of distinguishing between regulation and prohibition is one of the most serious that a statesman has to deal with. It is contrary to notorious fact to pretend that Parliament required to be reformed in order to devote its attention to the operation of the Beer Act of 1830. The Reports of Committees of the House of Commons show that the law of beer-shops and public-houses has been often and anxiously considered in the last forty years. We need not repeat, what has been said many times already, that these houses are the supply of the sober artisan as well as the temptation of the drunkard. It is impossible for Parliament to close them. It is the duty of Parliament to control them. Mr. Ayrton has probably himself sat upon Committees where this definition of the function of Parliament has been assumed as incontrovertible. It suits Mr. Ayrton now to coquet with the authors of the Permissive Bill; but he will hardly be so rash as to ally himself with them permanently. If he does, Mr. Coope and his friends will know how to profit by the blunder.

#### THE USURERS, THE PRESS, AND THE PUBLIC.

**T**HREE are dealings which are essentially of the darkness, and it is the primary condition of business conducted by irregular practitioners that they keep their own and their clients' secrets. When wealth is synonymous with respectability, and men make it their ambition to live up to a position they fix for themselves, they are naturally reticent as to their embarrassments. The mortgages on his property are the last subject you would select for pleasant after-dinner chat over the claret of a great landowner. The merchant who seeks advances on his negotiable securities makes his morning calls to the banker's parlour under the rose; you always see the three balls of the pawnbroker suspended round a street-corner. And when reckless youth discounts, with the improvidence of its age and temperament, expectations of which it does not know the value, for identical reasons and many others to boot, it looks to have the transaction carried through "in the strictest confidence." Reserve is the

common interest of borrowers and lenders; yet occasionally more pressing considerations override that usually paramount one, and, to secure a bird he thinks he holds in his hand, the lender will risk scaring the many who are fluttering round his lime-twigs. So now and then, when the knave and the fool fall out, they furnish dispassionate onlookers with premisses from which to draw broad conclusions. We get an insight into the terms on which impeccunious folly finds the means of feeding its excesses. We are reminded how absolutely fools, more or less mature, come to live in the present, taking far less thought for the morrow than some of the beasts that perish. There are animals, like squirrels and water-rats, who have the instinct of storing up provisions for the future. We should be curious to have statistics as to what proportion of the well-dressed loungers one sees on the steps of the military clubs, or of the spruce clerks you meet wending their way home of an afternoon from the public offices, are labouring under serious embarrassment. Arguing from the force of the temptations that beset them, from the show they make beyond their visible means, we suspect the proportion to be very large. When we find a man, whose pay is but slightly supplemented by private means, making his weekly visit to London from Aldershot to indulge in his four-and-twenty hours of fashionable dissipation, a simple calculation founded on fact demonstrates him to be an idiot outrunning the constable. When we meet Civil Service clerks day after day with camellias in their button-holes and straw-coloured gloves drawn on their ink-stained fingers, we know that most of them must be living in excess of their pay and allowances. The end is inevitable, and when they shall arrive there depends merely on the pace they are going. As sudden death is better than slow torture, we suspect that the most reckless are generally the most prudent. Take your fling, compromise your commission or your place while hope is yet young and nature vigorous; before extravagant habits have rooted themselves, and ere you have reached the age when society assumes you have cut your wisdom teeth. Then the crash is set down to boyish indiscretion. Your friends abuse you as a scapegrace, and advance a trifle to carry you to Australia or the diamond mines. The child plunges into hardship may make a man of you; you brace your nerves in your battle with difficulties, as you develop the muscles of your arm with the stockwhip or the pickaxe. You grow into a respectable patriarch surrounded by your flocks and herds; you marry and beget children, and prepare preserved meats for home consumption; are returned to the Colonial Parliament, and, representing the squatting interest, lend the weight of your respectability to the country party. Or you come home like Sindbad, with your bag of precious stones, to be hunted by the pack of mothers who formerly drove you from their doors and daughters. But, on the other hand, if you are prudently improvident, keep your head as a rule, but are occasionally tripping as you go, then nothing can save you but a miracle. You have a hundred a year, rising by occasional tens. It is supplemented by a modest allowance of fifty more, which represents a reversion of some couple of thousands at the death of two healthy parents, contingent on your good behaviour. One hundred and fifty per annum is not a great sum, yet it might suffice a man who is richer than many of his companions, of whom nothing is expected. But then you are conscious of responsibilities the world surmises nothing of. Heaven save the mark, you have "a position" to maintain. What the position of a young man whose duties are the doing mechanical work on the top of a three-legged stool may be when he is off that stool, may be something of a puzzle to the uninitiated. We only know what is the lingering fate of the victim of that phantom chace after a fallacious self-respect. Tradesmen begin to refuse credit where the security is so questionable. Ready money, as it comes in, is more than swamped in pressing calls. When we chance to have a bright day, your frock-coat shows slightly shabby at the seams, and altogether out of keeping with the brilliant blossom that nestles in its lapel. It must be replaced, and that swiftly. Treating with your tailor on the subject is tantamount to bringing down an avalanche of unpaid-for items on your unprepared head. You hold a council of ways and means, which prolongs itself painfully until decision becomes imperative. You fancy your friend So-and-So hesitates about your arm, and your flame of the last few dances looked cold on Sunday in Kensington Gardens. The money you must have, and the tempter whispers how. Into pigeon-hole in your desk you have cast a collection of circulars from the accommodating gentlemen who advance any amount on personal security to members of the Civil Service. You know more than one gentleman in the Civil Service whom you strongly suspect of transactions in occult finance. Accordingly you select a confidant, and seek his counsel. Next day you are in the claws of the vampire. It is not merely your individual commitment for the 3*cl*. you raise on bill. Borrowing your friend's name, you have placed your own at his disposal, and the bargain is no equal one, for he is already over head and ears. Thenceforward you begin the *glissade* on the ice-slope, where your most strenuous exertions can at best only retard the inevitable catastrophe. If you had no ready money before, you are never likely to have it again; and, in fact, it is all over with you, with your prospects and peace of mind.

Slightly modified, this is the life of numberless men, in all ranks, whom we meet in society every day with the sleekest of exteriors and the lightest of laughs. The story of the Spartan boy and the fox is perennial, and perpetually repeating itself. They visit at comfortable establishments, they sit down at sumptuous tables, and they know that such comforts will never be their own. They flirt

and fall in love, and they dare not marry or even propose. The solemn interview in the library would be brought to an abrupt conclusion when the inevitable question came, "What are your means of supporting my daughter?" It is not an enviable life while it lasts; short, but by no means merry, for all the time it is heavily clouded with the shadow of the end. Men console themselves by abusing the money-lenders who have lured them to ruin, and virtuous society chimes in. We are not going to follow the example, any more than we mean to undertake the money-lenders' defence. We do not assert that money-lending is an honourable trade. But as long as geese grow feathers there will be hands to pluck them, and money-lending is a business like any other. We are for free trade everywhere, when the trade is not positively immoral. And in deciding on dealings in the money-market, where are you to draw the line? You do not blame the banker or finance-agent for discounting ordinary bills at a somewhat higher rate than the "choice" paper of unimpeachable houses. If a youth pays 99 per cent. on a sum he has no prospect whatever of returning, it seems to us that he makes an excellent bargain so far as the lender is concerned. Whether he acts prudently from his own point of view is quite another question. We do not think he does, and in our opinion it is a great pity that facilities for ruining himself should be forced on him before he has cut his wisdom-teeth. Keep a boy short at school, and when he has exhausted his credit at the "tuck shop," he has to learn to go without delicacies, and is much the better for doing so at the end of the half. Tell him that if he should want a tart at any time he has only to anticipate his allowance, and of course he indulges, to his own subsequent remorse, and runs off-hand through all he can raise. It would be a great thing if we could stamp out money-lending in the popular sense, and doubtless many youths would go creditably through life who now stumble on the very threshold. It would be a great thing if in this case we could suspend those inviolable laws of supply and demand which bring the trade in contact with its victims, and provide precocious dissipation with the means of gratification. If we are driven to confess that there is nothing intrinsically criminal in the trade itself, we cannot make the issue of trade circulars penal. But if people must be to a certain extent passive while it takes its course, they need not go out of their way to encourage it. Honest men are certainly not called upon to accept a sleeping partnership in it, and share its profits. It was only the other day some of the most unctuous of our journals were brought in guilty morally at the Old Bailey as art and part in systematic child-murder. The extenuating circumstances ought to have had their weight with a practical British jury, for the professors of infanticide paid double for advertising. We should like to know how many of our papers do not publish habitually the advertisements of the money-lenders—advertisements that carry their character stamped legibly upon their faces. We have the stereotyped phrases of "Advances made up to 50*cl*. (the philanthropists generally set limits to the sum they can spare to any one of the deserving poor) to officers in the army and navy, clergymen, gentlemen in the Civil Service, &c., on personal security, or notes of hand, at moderate interest. No inquiry fees." Do the experienced managers of the journals where these precious notices appear believe their statements, like the gulls who answer them? Do they imagine that any man of business would make advances, on any terms whatever, to a person he knows nothing of, without charging him for inquiries in one shape or another; and what is their idea of the "moderate" interest that would repay the risk of lending money to a penniless spendthrift on his bare personal "security"? They know that these advertisements answer their purpose; that the money that goes into the journal's coffers is a fair price paid for some compensatory advantage. In fact, it is the commission paid by the user to the journalist for the victim lured into his coils—it is the blood-money of a life that may be irretrievably ruined. To be sure, the journal does not altogether abnegate its responsibilities to the public, although it consents for a few shillings to hold a candle to the Evil One. Let one of the fraternity of its clients and partners come to grief in the law courts, and he is forthwith pilloried in other columns from those containing the advertisements. It gets up upon a pedestal of morality to deliver itself of a lofty homily, and then comes down again to count the money in the till. It is very possible that the same class of readers does not study both the profilers of the money-lenders and the leading articles. Still we think the tribute to conventionalities a mistake. It is scarcely fair to the partner to make him pay so heavily for indiscretions over which he seldom has much control, and moreover it is something very like an insult to the intelligence of the reader.

#### LOAN EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

THE Institute of Painters in Water-Colours" has done a graceful act in permitting the use of its Gallery in Pall Mall for the exhibition of more than two hundred truly "high-class" drawings—the net proceeds on the admissions to be devoted to "the National Hospital for Consumption." This choice collection, not equalled since the International Exhibition of 1862, is due to the kind contributions of Mr. Bowman, Mr. H. Burton, Mr. H. Drake, Mr. Henderson, Mr. W. Leaf, Mr. Murrieta, Mr. Quilter, and others. These drawings are of special interest. They carry the history of water-colour painting back to its origin, and are rare examples of artists who never more can be seen among the living—Varley, Barrett and De Wint,

Turner, Fielding, Cox, Hunt, Prout, Holland, Mulready, and Roberts—painters who carried water-colours to a point little short of absolute perfection, and gave to our English school its European renown. We propose, then, to speak chiefly of these masters, partly because we can never meet them save on rare occasions like the present, and also because we may thus find an opportunity of saying a few words on the changes which two generations of men—the generation which has gone and that which still survives—have effected in an art that reached its zenith (now perchance to fall) during the century wherein we live.

In the short history of water-colour painting, which scarcely reaches back beyond a hundred years, it is usual to trace some three styles. First, the tempera, or opaque, process. Secondly, the stage of stained drawing, Indian ink tinted; Cozens, Girtin, and even Turner in his early days, are identified with this method. Thirdly, the matured manner, wherein, instead of a groundwork of neutral tint, the artist working with transparent pigments struck at once at colour even in the shadows. This is called the pure process, water-colour proper; and to this middle and best period belong in this collection chief works of De Wint, Copley Fielding, and David Cox. But drawings will also be observed which are in their way no less remarkable, by William Hunt and others, wherein body colours are used boldly; and thus, in addition to the above three divisions, it may be needful to make a fourth, which may be said to combine early tempora with the use of transparent pigments. The much-disputed advantages, as well as the disadvantages, of this last development can be tested by the examples before us. Opaque colours skilfully used give crispness, emphasis, and point, especially to the high lights; and it may be questioned if drawings so forcible as "Fruit" (187), "Plums" (191), "Neat and Primroses" (183), by the late William Hunt, would be possible without the liberal use of body colours. Whether, however, in these matchless achievements the loading on of tempora in shadows and backgrounds be of the nature of a positive advantage, or of an inevitable evil, we have never been able quite to determine. One conclusion, however, this Gallery, in which all processes are happily present, renders perhaps more evident than before—namely, that the great masters of the art have so blended the two conflicting methods together that it is hard sometimes to tell where one begins and the other ends. The De Wints, which are here specially fine, seem to rely exclusively on transparent colour; in the Copley Fieldings comes some suspicion of opaque in the high lights touched with chrome; and then upon the screen set apart to Turner all processes mingle freely, according to the exigencies of the moment or the particular frenzy of colour which may have seized the painter's fancy. Thus, in an apparently early drawing, "Cashedbury" (225), may be traced in underlying greys the dying-out of the first manner above defined, in which Turner was trained while yet in his teens. "Reichenfells" (221) is an example of that extravagant period when the painter became reckless in the use of colour, and perpetrated drawings more like Vauxhall than nature. "Jerusalem" (223), again, is an egregious instance of topographic falsehood. Whether opaque colour be here present is a trivial matter compared with the question whether a hill has not been thrust into the midst of the Valley of Jehoshaphat which has no existence whatever. The writer, who knows Jerusalem well, could with difficulty in this drawing identify a single point save the south-east corner of the city wall. The public still believe, on the authority of Mr. Ruskin, that Turner is the most truthful of painters; it is time they should be taught that, of all artists, Turner was the most unscrupulous.

The drawings of David Cox, twenty-three in number, and as rare as they are varied in character, have naturally again directed attention to this simple-minded truly English artist. It is astonishing to think of the changes through which old David Cox passed, especially when we remember the monotony of his last manner. This artist, who in his more sober years deemed it a crime to violate the modesty of nature, was at one time a scene-painter; hence perhaps may be explained that eminently artificial drawing "The Terrace, Powis Castle" (190). Ladies in bright costume give quite a fashionable air to this gay promenade. In the whole room there is no stronger contrast than between this theatric phase and late drawings made when the artist sketched year by year from "Cox's Field" near the little Oak Inn, at Bettws. The painter became more and more suggestive, broad, and undefined. Thus in "The Heath" (126) he apparently gets at his effects unconsciously, as nature seems to do, without asking the method or the reason. "Entrance to a Farm Yard" (141) is equally irresolute in outline, and yet the reverse of purposeless; how the sheep are made to tumble with timorous step through the gate! Again, in "Crossing the Moor," the artist manages by force of foreground to throw lightness and fugitive motion into the rain-clouds which float across the sky. David Cox's consummated style cannot be better judged than by "Anthurum Hill" (102), formerly known as "The Skylark"; here the blue sky melts into grey, and the clouds dissolve into thin air. Or even more perfect of its kind is "Chesning Pasture" (28); observe how the sheep dip down into the hollow and rise again toward the hill beyond; the line of perspective being carried on by a flight of birds into a sky wherein clouds lie and tumble about loosely. Such drawings are like nature without outline; it is possible to be too sharply defined. The extremes on both sides, with their attendant advantages and disadvantages, are here brought together in David Cox and Mr. Birket Foster. Cox, like other painters of marked individuality, degenerated into mannerism. "Oader Idris" (72) is heavy and deep-toned as the blackest Gaspar Poussin, or as a sombre melody played out on a bassoon; while "the storm" is

black and blurred as an ink drawing on blotting paper. The public raved over this mannerism, and so they got Cox, and not nature. It has been roughly estimated that 100,000 worth of "Coxes" passed through the market, of which sum only ten or fifteen per cent. reached the artist. As an example of the fabulous rise in prices we may state that one of the above-named drawings, having left the studio at 45*l.*, ultimately realized more than 1,000*l.* Our English painters have risen in the market just as the old masters have fallen, and yet it is to be observed that in modern art the styles which stand longest are those which accord the closest to ancient precedents.

Twelve drawings give a fair summary of De Wint. Indeed "Lancaster" (10), "Southall" (17), and "On the Thames" (52), are spoken of as supreme. This artist, at one time a prolific exhibitor in the Water-Colour Society, is of the old school; he works with transparent colours; when he wants a light, he leaves it or takes it out. De Wint preserves his subjects in simple breadth; he adds no more detail than needful, he knows where to stop, he pursues with steady step the even tenor of his way, and is content to end short of any startling effect. No painter is more essentially English. Over "Southall" he casts a thoroughly British sky—a sky of rain and wind and grey, breaking here and there into fair weather. The water below is put in with a few dark, firm lines, into the interstices of which the light sky looks down. It is curious to observe how greatly this painter relies upon long horizontal lines, how frequently his compositions tend to the panoramic form; even when, in "Westmoreland" (219), he was in the neighbourhood of mountains he still sticks to the horizontal lines of flat plains. De Wint often, as in this grand drawing, occupies the sky with storm cloud, but he shrinks from a mountain; the unbroken solitudes of nature did not suit him. He usually gives sign somewhere of human habitation; a spire or a gable adds point to his distances; his meadows are enlivened by harvest carts. The artist, within his limits—somewhat circumscribed, literal and prosaic—leaves little to be desired; his work is honest and true; and so certain does he appear of his results that his drawings betray neither hesitation nor correction.

The fifteen drawings of William Hunt include several old favourites, such as "The Boy blowing Bubbles" (124), "Too Hot," and "The Gleaner" (211). Hunt, the pupil of Varley, born as far back as 1790, and working up to the year of his death in 1864, employed during his long life all processes, commencing with the early aquatint, and ending with the most uncompromising use of body colour yet ventured upon. The drawings before us are almost without exception in this advanced style, though undoubtedly "The Gleaner" has greater transparency than the "Bird's Nest" (183). As usual, the artist's middle manner has more moderation and less mannerism. "The Cowshed" (42), and a "Kitchen Interior" (53)—almost more Dutch than any Dutch interior—may be quoted as examples of how the painter exalted the meanest materials by consummate technical quality, by golden glory of colour, by gemlike lustre even in opacity, by play of light true as magical, by quiet subordination of the whole, while parts scintillate with the lustre, not of paint, but of fire. Mr. Ruskin deciphers truly the genius of this painter of ploughboys, peasants, and primroses. Hunt loved peasant boys because they were rough and picturesque and healthily coloured. "And he paints all that he sees in them fearlessly—all the health and humour and freshness and vitality, together with such awkwardness and stupidity and what else of negative or positive harm there may be in the creature."

In the retrospect of landscape art it is interesting to observe how the period of "compositions" has passed away. Nowadays a rough heath and a murky sky suffice for a picture, but in the time of Barrett, Robson, Varley, and Finch a landscape was a highly elaborate "composition," wherein in all likelihood would be brought together castles, viaducts, lakes, waterfalls, terraces, temples, broken columns, impossible peasants, together with a golden sun hung, Claude-like, mid-sky. "Composition" (5) and "Sunset" (138), by G. Barrett, are thus systematically put together; such pictures are poets' reveries. Again, another "composition" (92), by J. Varley, is in its way very lovely; the scene, though English, is balanced after the Italian manner; the sky has beauty in form as in colour. This work, still in perfect keeping, proves how well water-colour drawings, when honestly painted, will stand. Another "composition" (181), consisting of a portico, a statue, and pine trees, is due to F. O. Finch, the last artist who ventured to show this classic landscape in the Water-Colour Society. It is astonishing how obsolete this style has become under the naturalism and the revived Gothicism and mediævalism of the present day. Scenic likewise and imposing is Robson's "Ely Cathedral" (32), a drawing which found honourable place in the International Galleries of 1862. Copley Fielding holds a middle ground between the symmetric manner of the olden time and the picturesque treatment now in vogue. "Landscape" (92) is evidently a composition; the forms are noble, the sentiment is poetic. The artist's more simple-minded mood is reflected in "Crowhurst" (13), an undulating sheep-down, with sunny hills of the Southern coast catching a gleam of silvery light in the far distance. The change which has come over landscape naturally brings a corresponding change in figures. The Classic, Italian and Poetic landscape of a former day was fitly peopled by an ideal race, by minor deities, by Pan, Sylvanus and Arcadian shepherdesses, whereas nothing more than a milkmaid is in keeping with the realistic landscape of this unimaginative age.

Stanfield, Roberts, Prout, Harding, and Holland all belong to

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the irrevocable past. "A Design for a Drop Scene" (135) carries the mind back to the time when Stanfield painted for the stage; and "Flowers" (62), worthy of Van Huysum, so light in petal that a breath might float them away, recall the days when Holland worked for the china factories. It is useless to repine for what cannot be recalled, and yet we may be permitted to regret that what commends itself as most modern in modernism is in its aim and ambition wholly estranged from the nobility and imaginative scope of the times that are past. Take, as an example of the days that are no more, Mulready's "Disobedient Prophet" (195)—grand, not by scale, but by conception, forcible by its composing lines and depth of colour; a work which might have been inspired by the genius of Tintoret. Or turn to two comparatively trivial "Figures" (213 and 217) by Bonington, which, if essentially modern and romantic, show an ennobling converse with high historic styles. Even Cattelemole—who could, like one of the old painters, when asked for his models, have pointed to ancient armour—managed to remove his figures from the immediate presence of common life. Thus "Robbers selling Treasure" (202) might almost have been etched by Rembrandt or painted by Velasquez. The history of art seems to teach that, while a man should live resolutely in his age, he must look before and after, for the artist who works only in the present will have no future.

In this notice we have intentionally dwelt among the dead, because the living we may meet day by day in the Exhibitions of the year. Yet it were an injustice to our contemporary school to omit all mention of drawings which, though by men happily still living, must one day take first rank in the history of English art. We may rapidly enumerate a few works not easily forgotten:—"Iostephane, or the Violet Crowned" (186), by Mr. Burton;—"The School, Cairo" (39), by Mr. Lewis, R.A.;—"The School" (3), by Mr. Birket Foster;—"The Sugar-Cane Girl" (98), by Mr. Carl Haag;—"Eastbourne Mill" (77), by Mr. George Fripp;—"Curfew Time" (156), by Mr. S. Palmer;—"View at Wotton" (104), by Mr. Boyce; and—"The Studio" (105), by Mr. Louis Haghe. We would further observe that the master works passed under review have withstood fairly well those ravages of time which are supposed to tell with special severity on the art of water-colour painting. In conclusion, we may further remark on the marvellous rise in the commercial value of first-class drawings, attested by the statement that this unrivalled collection is insured in the sum of 36,000*l.* Many of these works would fetch now ten times the sum at which they left the easel. It is evident that good drawings are among the most profitable of investments, but then the investment must be made wisely, otherwise the investor may ultimately find his property, not in this Gallery, but in a garret, lining an old trunk, or doing service in a chandler's shop.

## REVIEWS.

### LENORMANT AND CHEVALLIER'S MANUAL OF THE EAST.\*

PROBABLY it was not without a glow of satisfaction that Bunsen assigned the period between 20,000 and 15,000 B.C. as the date of the polarization of religious consciousness in the formation and deposit of Sinism. It is doubtless a pleasant thing to be completely master of a wide domain, even if we cannot say that we are monarchs of all that we look upon; and there must be a certain sense of freedom in ranging over five thousand years by way of prelude to the history of some twenty thousand more, and in discovering by the deviation of the earth's axis that B.C. 19,752 was the birthyear of mankind. The process is doubly advantageous, not only as furnishing an agreeable occupation, but as being capable of indefinite modifications by changes, easily justified, of method or of the data employed in the investigation. The historian who confines himself to the humble task of relating only those events for which he has evidence such as would satisfy us in matters belonging to our own time may lift his eyes with a feeling of envy to the serener regions in which Egyptologists and Assyriologists spin the web of their mysterious sciences. He may admire the freedom with which the same philosopher may put forth different names and different dates for the same men and the same incidents, and yet say that they are telling the same story, and the excellent arrangement by which the fellow-workers in the same task may differ in the sequence and chronology of some or all of their events, and yet hold up the results as thoroughly satisfactory; and finally, he may draw instruction from the calmness with which, when common men wish to know why they are to believe certain things, and to have the evidence which may justify their faith, these builders up of ancient dynasties and ancient races will talk of science as going quietly on her way undisturbed by the cackle of the ignorant and the interested. We have formerly given some few out of a crowd of reasons for doubting the usefulness and the trustworthiness of Mr. Rawlinson's *Manual of Ancient History*†, and for asserting that not a little of his Assyrian and other chronicles is either pure invention or the result of ingenious conjecture and skilful manipulation of materials. On grounds which to us, in our less exalted

sphere, seemed almost mathematically conclusive, we denied his right to speak of the Parian marble as giving a chronological arrangement of important events in Greek history from the accession of Kekrops to the archonship of Kallistratos—for the very simple reason that for at least a thousand years of this period there were no events to arrange, and that to reckon from the accession of Kekrops is about as safe as to determine the hour in which Columbus first set eyes on the New World by a calculation of the time at which the ladder of Jack the Giant-killer reached the moon. We have now before us another Manual in which the same wonderful feats are performed, and in which, as in the pages of Mr. Rawlinson and Baron Bunsen, we are called upon sometimes to believe when we are tempted to doubt, and sometimes to doubt when we seem to see reasons for believing; and we are referred, in the preface, to an article in the *Contemporary Review*, in which Mr. Rawlinson, as "one of the highest authorities on all branches of Oriental history," informs those who venture to question the method or dispute the conclusions of Oriental archaeologists that, like Sir Walter Scott before the electors of Jedburgh, he regards their gabble no more than the geese on the green. Strangely enough, Mr. Rawlinson's authority is invoked to justify the omission from the English translation of the book which M. Lenormant had written on the History of the Indians. His judgment is grounded on the alleged fact that "it is very questionable whether India can properly be said to have a history at all during the period designated by M. Lenormant in the title of his work"—that is to say, from the creation of the world to the beginning of the Median wars; and that "the real history of India commences with Alexander, or perhaps we should rather say with Sandrocottus, and that to begin earlier is to fail of distinguishing between fact and fiction, history and legend."

With all humility, but with all firmness, we must insist, as on a fact known to us on the surest of all evidence—that of our own consciousness—that our only desire in all matters of history, or so-called history, is to be able to distinguish between fact and fiction. To draw this distinction for himself and to point it out to others is the paramount duty of the historian; and precisely for this very reason we ask why a history is to be omitted which might tell us of the life of Gautama Buddha, and why Indra and Vritra should be regarded as less historical than Zohak and Feridun? With such a question as this before us, we are really not concerned with measuring the industry and the zeal whether of Mr. Rawlinson or of M. Lenormant. We have a right to know in what direction our guides are leading us; and when they tell us that certain men are historical about whom tales are told which look as credible as the story of Beauty and the Beast or the Jew among the Thorns, we are clearly justified in refusing to take another step in their pathway until they give us honestly and unequivocally the reasons why we are to believe in the one case and not to believe in the other. This is the only test which we care to apply to M. Lenormant's Manual, which, we are informed, "beyond all other collective histories of the East, professes to be drawn from authentic and original sources"; and happily we soon reach our journey's end, to whatever portion of the history we may betake ourselves.

Of the changes in the names given to Assyrian or Egyptian kings we say nothing. Doubtless such variations may be caused by the difficulty of determining the sound represented by the signs used in picture-writing, and the history may perhaps be none the less trustworthy because the same man is called sometimes Iavalush, sometimes Hulikh-khus, or Binlikhish, or Binnarari. But when we are told that Asshur-bani-pal places his capture of Susa 1635 years after Kedornakhunta, King of Elam [Manual, vol. i. p. 352], and when it is admitted that we have no inscription of Kedornakhunta, we are compelled to ask what reason there may be for thinking that Asshur-bani-pal was to be depended upon in his account of the matter, or whether our opinion one way or the other is of the least importance, or whether we may not fairly feel some hesitation when we find that M. Lenormant's date is some sixty or seventy years earlier than that of Mr. Rawlinson? When in Mr. Rawlinson's volumes we meet with a father and son called respectively Purnapurya and Durrigalazzu, who are placed many generations later than Arid-Sin, the grandson of the king who succeeded Chedorlagamer; when, turning to M. Lenormant, we find no Arid-Sin, but one Zikar-Sin in his place; when we are told that Burnaburyash and Kurgalazzu not only are not later than Zikar-Sin, but are "anterior even to Chedorlaomer and to the establishment of the sovereignty of the Elamite dynasty in Aasyrin," and when further we are told that a second Burnaburyash had likewise a son called Kurgalazzu, we can but ask on what grounds so wide a divergence of dates is justified, even if we say nothing of this very remarkable repetition in the names of kings. Why, again, when Mr. Rawlinson places Sin-shada, of whom he speaks as one who "may dispute the palm of antiquity with Naram-sin," fifty years later than Naransin, should M. Lenormant, who uses precisely the same phrase, banish Sin-shada to a time preceding that of Kudurmabuk? Still more, when M. Lenormant tells us that Nineveh was taken twice, while Mr. Rawlinson insists that it fell only once, whom are we to believe, and why should we believe either?

If from Assyria we go to Egypt, the same wonders mock or dazzle our eyes. In one place we are told that the monuments examined through the whole extent of the Nile valley have told us "all the deeds of the kings who governed Egypt from the most ancient times"; in another we are informed that "we now know

\* *A Manual of the Ancient History of the East to the Commencement of the Median Wars.* By F. Lenormant, Sub-Librarian of the Imperial Institute of France, and E. Chevallier, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, London. London: Asher & Co. 1870.

† *Saturday Review*, March 26, 1870.

nearly the whole series of monarchs who reigned over Egypt during more than 4,000 years"—an assertion which makes it plain that of a large number of these kings we do not even know the names. With still greater assurance M. Lenormant declares that we can now give the annals of Egypt "on the authority of original and contemporary documents exactly as we relate the history of any modern nation"; and this precise agreement of his method with that of Sir Cornewall Lewis is illustrated by the assertion that Manetho's lists contain no contemporaneously reigning dynasties, and by the contradiction which Mr. Rawlinson, backed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Mr. Stuart Poole, feels himself obliged to give to it. Nay, more, the Persians are condemned as "incapable of recording true history," and the inscription of Darius at Behistun is put aside as entirely wanting in the historical instinct; and yet, while these, with the Hindus, are thus stigmatized as a people with no historical perceptions, we are actually told that the Egyptians "never had any chronology at all," and that, however precise any of their calculations may appear, "modern science must always fail in its attempts to restore what the Egyptians never possessed" [vol. i. p. 198]. We are still more astonished at reading in one place that the memory of the Deluge was "so strongly impressed on the imagination of our first ancestors as *never* to be forgotten by their descendants," or, in other words, that none of the children of Shem, Ham, or Japheth ever forgot the history of the great destruction of the earth by water; and again, in another, that the Egyptians had no tradition of a flood, and that "the original monuments and texts of Egypt, amidst all the speculations of the cosmogony, do not contain one single, even distant, allusion to the recollection of a deluge"; while in third passage we read in spite of this that Ham, the son of Noah, "was the father of the great family from whom the people of Phenicia, of Egypt, and Ethiopia were primarily descended," and also that the Egyptians were a branch of the race of Ham, a fact which, being clearly established by science, "entirely confirms the statements of the Book of Genesis" [vol. i. p. 202]—the conclusion being either that the Egyptians were not descended from Ham (which M. Lenormant asserts), or that some of the children and descendants of Noah lost all recollection of the Deluge (which M. Lenormant denies). In the face of contradictions thus bare-faced and glaring, what amount of confidence can be placed in a writer in any portion of his work?

Like the Camden Professor, M. Lenormant exhibits in his Manual a strange mixture of credulity and scepticism. Having spoken of "the mythical reign of Djemshid," by which we suppose is meant a reign which never took place at all, he adds:—

Immediately after this epoch the Iranian tradition, which, although it has assumed a purely fabulous form, must be founded on an historical basis, however much altered, places a foreign conquest, and seems to point to the time when the first Cushite empire at Babylon, founded by Nimrod, had extended its dominion by force of arms over the country inhabited by the Arians, as in later times did some of the Assyrian Kings. It is, in fact, only an event of this kind that can be alluded to by the mythical Arab conqueror Zohak, the sanguinary tyrant, corrupter of manners, the teacher of a monstrous and obscene religion, against which all the moral instincts of the Japhetic tribes revolted; that Zohak, who like the Phenician Moloch and the Adar Malik of the Sepharvalim in Chaldaea, required a succession of human victims to feed the two serpents coiled on his shoulders.—Vol. ii. p. 22.

The mind which can rest satisfied with such a passage as this, and pass on as though there were nothing to be said about it, must be in a strange state. First of all, we are told that we are reading of a period which is at once mythical and historical; then we are told that the story of Zohak can have reference *only* to the tyranny of some savage invader, and then we find that this conqueror had two snakes growing out of his shoulders. But although in these sentences M. Lenormant asserts that this myth must have a political signification, and a political signification only, he gives us a clue which leads us elsewhere, by referring to Eugène Burnouf's identification of Djemshid (Yima-Kshaéta) and of Feridun with the Vedic Yama and Verethragna. Now are we to believe that the real name of this sanguinary Arab conqueror was Zohak, or that it was given to him by his subjects? for no one probably will think of denying now the conclusion of Burnouf that Zohak is simply Azhi Daháka, the biting snake who as Ahi or Vritra is slain by Verethragna, the Vritra-killer—in other words, by Indra himself. This being granted, the name of Zohak and the conflict which is fatal to him alike recede into Nephelokokkygia; and we are driven to ask why either Zohak or Feridun, "who," M. Lenormant candidly acknowledges, "is as mythical as all his predecessors," should nevertheless represent an historical epoch? The same looseness of thought marks the expression that "these were the days of the stirring but fabulous exploits of Rustem, Kai Khosru, and Farukhbad"—a phrase which ascribes reality to things which are declared to be unreal, and which, as usual, is followed by the statement that "in all this there must be a nucleus of historical truth" [vol. ii. p. 42]. Why more in this than in the story of "Blue Beard" or the "Giant-killer"? After the same fashion, when he comes to the establishment of royalty among the Medes, M. Lenormant translates the whole story of Deiokes as given by Herodotus, and then tells us that the description of his polychromed house "is alone sufficient to prove the importance of the worship of the seven planets in the Median religion" [vol. ii. p. 50]. Perhaps it is; but what does it tell us of the history of Deiokes? Of this all that M. Lenormant tells us in his own person is that he was proclaimed king in 710, at the time of the most brilliant conquests of Sargon, and that he completed the constitution of the Medes as a nation, and died after a reign of fifty-three years. Looking at this story purely as an historical critic, Mr. Grote says that "of the real

history of Deiokes we cannot be said to know anything," and that in fact it is a Greek parable, describing "what may be called the despot's progress first as candidate, and afterwards as fully established." From another point of view Deiokes is our old friend Zohak, retaining the latter portion of the name only (daháka); and he too vanishes into the cloudland where Indra fights with Ahi.

The chapter on the story of Cyrus deserves to be more severely treated. M. Lenormant first gives as veritable history the incidents of the tale down to the time when the child is taken into the herdsman's house and brought up there. He then says that "an incident related by Herodotus, and which is probably more or less fabulous, led to his recognition"; and having left us to wonder how much or how little we are to believe of it, he goes on to speak of the slaying and eating of the son of Harpagos, and of the vengeance taken by the father, as actual historical facts, and as the causes of the overthrow of Astyages. M. Lenormant is probably quite aware that the story of Cyrus in his early years is found throughout the East and the West; and he can scarcely fail to know that Astyages (Asdahag), who plays the part of Acrisios and Laios and Numitor, and a crowd of other tyrants, is etymologically none other than Azi daháka or Zohak, the biting snake, who has already come before us twice in this veracious history.

We are driven to the conclusion that, like Mr. Rawlinson, M. Lenormant may be trustworthy when he deals with periods for which we have undoubted contemporary testimony (and that is unhappily only for the smaller portion of his history), but that elsewhere it is impossible to trust his guidance, if we care at all for historical truth. His immeasurable superiority over Mr. Rawlinson in one respect we gladly acknowledge. Instead of wild attempts to father the English dame and lady on the Phrygian dav or dam and lada, we have an excellent sketch of early Aryan civilization based on the evidence of Aryan languages, whose affinities are clearly stated, and never lost sight of. By applying the same careful method to the rest of his subject, M. Lenormant might have produced a really trustworthy and satisfactory book on ancient Eastern history. As it is, we can only say that, whatever may be its merits, it fails, in Mr. Rawlinson's words, to distinguish "between fact and fiction, history and legend."

#### NAYLER'S COMMON-SENSE OBSERVATIONS.

WE are at last fairly beaten. We have struggled through several title-pages which we were inclined to measure by parasangs rather than by stadia, title-pages as long as the monuments which record the virtues of country gentlemen of the last century, but we have as yet seen nothing equal to Mr. Nayler. We say again, we are fairly beaten. After such a title-page as Mr. Nayler's, we ought, even without reading the book, to know something about the object of the book; but, alas, after reading the book itself, we know hardly more than we knew before we began the title-page. We shut up Mr. Nayler's book with somewhat the same feelings as those with which we go home from a sermon. The sermon has been something about religion, and not about chemistry or the use of the globes, but beyond that we have no very distinct idea what it was about. So we can see that Mr. Nayler's book is in some way about the English Language and its Pronunciation, but further than that we do not see our way at all clearly. Only there is this difference, that, in the case of the sermon, we do—perhaps by some subtle process of self-delusion—persuade ourselves that, somehow or other, by some inscrutable kind of *opus operatum*, the sermon does mysteriously tend to edification, while we have failed to get any edification of any kind out of Mr. Nayler. The only page that we can fully understand is that which contains a dedication to Dr. Bosworth, Mr. Nayler's "long respected and highly esteemed Friend," from which we learn that "forty years have rolled away since" Dr. Bosworth and Mr. Nayler became acquainted; and we also learn that Mr. Nayler supposes the following sentence to be English:—

Therefore, though no longer fashionable to *Dedicate books to Friends*, I embrace this eligible opportunity of communicating to the Public, that through a variety of vicissitudes, you have ever remained the same obliging, warm-hearted, immutable, sympathizing Friend; and that to You, the readers of this volume are indebted for whatever benefits they may derive from it.

It is then, according to all grammatical laws, Mr. Nayler himself who is "no longer fashionable-to-dedicate-books-to-friends," a state which certainly calls for the "accredited elocutionist to the most celebrated literary societies in London" to explain its nature. But things are getting serious when Dr. Bosworth, an Oxford Professor, is made responsible for the benefits which Mr.

\* *Commonsense Observations on the Existence of Rules (not yet reduced to System, in any Work Extant) regarding the English Language; on the Pernicious Effects of Yielding Blind Obedience to so-called Authorities, whether Dictionary-Compilers, Grammar-Makers, or Spellingbook Manufacturers, instead of Examining and Judging for Ourselves on all Questions that are Open to Investigation; followed by a Treatise entitled Pronunciation Made Easy; accompanied with Lists, containing several Thousands of Words, for the Speedy Eradication of Blemishes; also, an Essay on the Pronunciation of Proper-names. The Work submitted, with all its Imperfections, as fearlessly as respectfully, to the Judgment of every Male and Female Teacher of the Language, in Schools, Colleges, and Universities, and to all Ladies and Gentlemen, Individually. By B. S. Nayler, Accredited Elocutionist to the most celebrated Literary Societies in London. Melbourne: Evans Brothers 1869.*

Nayler's readers may get from his book, and we should like to know what Dr. Bosworth himself says to this charge against him. And things are getting more serious still when it appears that there is more of Mr. Nayler coming, more of what Dr. Bosworth, it seems, "was pleased to designate" Mr. Nayler's "great work," of which the present "little work" is only an "earnest"; an earnest however of which Dr. Bosworth's "approval is certain." The next page is by no means so clear, looking at first like something cabalistic or masonic or Gnostic, or, for aught we know, some form of military tactics, a great number of letters being arranged in a lozenge shape, which, if armed with the Macedonian pike, would present a very formidable front to the critic at all points. "Thoroughly to impress this Preface on the memories of my Readers, the whole of it is repeated one thousand and twenty-three times in the following table." On looking at the table we find, whether exactly one thousand and twenty-three times we do not know, but certainly a great many times—let us, after many good precedents, say a thousand and one times—written European fashion, and Semitic fashion, and Chinese fashion, and *Boulevard* fashion, the words Read, Reflect, Judge. At the bottom we find the address of Dr. Bosworth's forty years friend:—

B. S. NAYLER,  
PUBLIC LECTURER AND PRIVATE TEACHER,  
No. 35 STEPHEN STREET, NEAR COLLINS STREET, EAST,  
MELBOURNE.

How a gentleman who lives "near Collins Street, East, Melbourne"—doubtless Melbourne in Australia, as we feel sure that there is no "Collins Street, East," in the Melbourne in Derbyshire—can be "accredited Elocutionist to the most celebrated Literary Societies in London," is not the least of the puzzles of the book. In this age of mechanical wonders, some new and unexpected development of the submarine telegraph may possibly explain it.

We learn somewhat more about Mr. Nayler by going on a little further to the "Introduction," where he asks proudly, "Who among the present line of Bookmakers has had similar privileges, or had equally favourable opportunities, or had like experience with myself? Am not I therefore an Authority?" As Mr. Nayler boasts that he has "devoted upwards of sixty years to the acquirement of his native tongue," and adds afterwards that he has "had upwards of half-a-century's theoretical and practical experience in the Art of Teaching," we begin to ask whether one of the antediluvian patriarchs has come among us, or whether we are not at least discoursing with a contemporary of Old Parr and Henry Jenkins. Mr. Nayler gives a list of doubtless illustrious names, though names to us quite unknown, under whom he studied during the sixty years of learning which went before his half century of teaching. One bears the name of Lewis, but chronology forbids that the person meant can be any one so modern as the Chancellor of the Exchequer and author of the *Credibility of the Early Roman History*. But it was pity indeed that Sir George had not the advantage, like Dr. Bosworth, of personal acquaintance with a man who had studied and taught the English language for what, if we remember right, was the Etruscan *seculum*, a period of 110 years.

We may be excused for dwelling so long on those few pages of Mr. Nayler's book which are at least able to be understood, to which we may perhaps add the legend on the back, in which the volume is described as "the Long-wished for Book." By whom it has been so long wished for we are not told; we really have too much respect for Dr. Bosworth to think that it can be he. When we get into the thick of the mess—if we can so speak of so thin a volume—what we chiefly see are columns of words, with rules about their pronunciation, generally prescribing some way of sounding them which we never heard before. For instance, Mr. Nayler tells us that we ought to say *Européan*, and mocks at anybody who says *European*. Perhaps we of the old continent—if that is not a bull on the part of dwellers in an island—may not be such good judges as one who, writing from Melbourne, Australia, can look at us in the more abstract way of an impartial outsider. Here in Europe we can only say that we never heard anybody talk of *Européan* any more than of *Australian*. But besides the queer rules for pronunciation, the Long-wished for Book contains a great deal of abuse of a great many people, some of whom, as we never before heard of them, we have no means of defending. For instance, we know not "Jackson," author of *Popular Errors in English Grammar, particularly in Pronunciation*, a "tiny" book, of which we learn from Mr. Nayler that the third edition was published in 1830. Yet we feel for Jackson, dead or alive, when Mr. Nayler tells us that, "from his very insignificance, he cannot have done much mischief by the dissemination of his crude and silly notions"; for the thought suggests itself that one of Jackson's "crude and silly notions" may very likely have been that we ought to say *Européan* and not *European*. Then we hear of "our own Dr. Latham, who, by the by, is far from being the wonderfully clever fellow he fancies himself." Here we get on ground which we know something about; with Dr. Latham we have our own quarrels on many points of accuracy and taste; still, as far as mere cleverness goes, Dr. Latham would find it hard to overrate himself. Then we get other less known victims, Dr. Morell and Dr. Angus, of whom it appears that Dr. Morell is an Inspector of Schools, author of a "crack" grammar in its sixtieth thousand, which grammar, "thanks to his publishers (who can command a Sale for any

book) is now the accredited Grammar in the Schools and Colleges throughout the British dominions." We therefore feel duly abashed at having never, to the best of our remembrance, before heard of it; but we are comforted in our ignorance when Mr. Nayler assures us that "Inspector Morell knows not the Letters of our Alphabet," he "is so utterly incapable of treating on the Science of Pronunciation generally, or, on the sounds of letters individually, that" Mr. Nayler will "not waste paper in exposing his incapacity." Further on we read of the same unlucky Inspector that "his ignorance of the sounds and natures of the Consonants, exceeds his ignorance of the Vowels," and that Mr. Nayler may not "trespass on the patience of his readers by exposing his lamentable lack of knowledge of his [Mr. Nayler's] Mother-tongue." Dr. Angus is a "blundering Examiner"; his book "contain hundreds of inconsistencies [sic], and blunders." Then there is a Dr. Nuttall, author of a book—also unknown to us—"which he presumptuously calls 'The Standard Pronouncing Dictionary' (swarming with inelegant and inaccurate pronunciations)." There is also "Professor Sullivan, whose vulgarities are innumerable"; "Connery," without any further description, who has written a "half-guinea good-for-nothing New Speaker," and plenty of others, the chief victims being the better-known American writer Webster, who is abused well-nigh on every page; while the god of Mr. Nayler's idolatry, at whose shrine the whole hecatomb is sacrificed, is a certain Walker, of whom we remember to have heard in our childhood as the author of what was called a Pronouncing Dictionary, where you were taught to pronounce *j* by writing it *dzh*, or some other such way of making simple things hard. Lastly we have Mr. Nayler himself also giving the world this challenge:—

Without quoting any other Bookmakers than Jackson, Webster, Latham, and Morell, I infer, that *If what they have written for our instruction, be True, I must be an arrant Blockhead*, for having sacrificed so much time during so many years, to the Pronunciation of my Mother-tongue—of which I am not yet master!

We are far from pledging ourselves that what Jackson, Webster, Latham, and Morell have written is true, but if no more frightful consequence came of so doing than what Mr. Nayler suggests, we should not greatly shrink from so doing.

On Mr. Nayler himself, who tells that in *soldier and education* is to be sounded like *j*, it is not needful to waste many words. But he suggests a thought or two. We presume that Mr. Nayler represents a class, perhaps a class of "accredited elocutionists." There is something very strange in the existence of empirics of this kind, who fancy that they can lay down rules for spelling and pronunciation, seemingly without giving one thought to the history of the language or to its relation to any other tongue. Mr. Nayler does know that *wb* was anciently written *hw*, and that it still should be so pronounced; this we think is the solitary sign which he gives of any thought about those things which are at the root of the matter. To say nothing of his heedless abuse of everybody else, it is plain that his rules and analyses are all purely arbitrary, ordained by his own taste or caprice, and grounded on no kind of philological reason. Probably much of what he laughs at in other writers is of the same sort. Another thought is that people of this sort happily spend most of their time in disputing about intrusive Latin words, while they leave real English to take care of itself. As for Mr. Nayler, his frantic and abusive way of writing would put him out of court even were his matter more to the purpose. We will add only one extract in which he wanders from his immediate subject into very delicate ground:—

Boardingschool young ladies no longer dare to utter the English word *shift* (though many of them talk about a *shirt*) and mimicking what they cannot hear, utter it as if written *she'me* or *shim'my*, or something equally ridiculous. Some of them actually go so far as to talk about a *he'mise*, or a *he me*, instead of a *shirt*!

Is Mr. Nayler, as an accredited elocutionist, admitted, like Mr. Anthony Trollope, to those sacred dialogues which are held after the back hair is let down?

#### SKETCHES ON THE WING.\*

MR. SOARES has yielded, as he tells us, to the request of certain "too partial" friends in republishing this little book from the columns of the Calcutta *Englishman*. He is himself conscious of the "absence of literary merit" from his work; but is emboldened by the reflection that the sketches "are but a first attempt," and that, "however fantastic, they are true," to present his volume to the public with a confidence that amazes himself. Such is the substance of Mr. Soares's preface, which must be understood as in some degree an appeal for mercy to his critics. After such a frank confession it seems brutal to make the obvious retorts as to the relative value of Mr. Soares's own judgment and that of his partial friends. The whole affair is certainly too slight to deserve any elaborate analysis of its qualities; and, indeed, if it were simply an unnecessary reproduction of insipid newspaper articles, we should feel bound to pass it over in silence. Mr. Soares, however, has certain defects of a more positive kind, which perhaps justify us in not showing him that amount of mercy. We feel that, if he takes our admonitions to heart, they will do him so much good that he may pardon us for any slight pain that we may inflict; and we shall reward ourselves for doing

\* *Sketches on the Wing*. By G. de M. Soares. London: Stanford & Co. 1870

him this service by making use of his book as a text for a few reflections upon the class of writers to which he belongs.

The faults to which we refer may be understood from a couple of anecdotes from his pages. Mr. Soares tells the following story at great length, and is obviously proud of the wit and good manners displayed in his performance. He was walking about the platform of the railway station at Châlons, when the station-master told him it was *défendu* to walk in that place. Mr. Soares impertinently replied "Cela ne fait rien," and continued to walk about. The station-master became very angry, though, as Mr. Soares admits, not abusive. As the train was coming up, Mr. Soares asked a gendarme, "How much does it cost to kick a man in France?" "I don't understand you," he answered. "Never mind," replied Mr. Soares, "it does not matter. In England it only costs five pounds, but if it is dearer here—never mind." Hereupon the station-master came up very indignantly, and asked if he was the person whom Mr. Soares proposed to kick. Mr. Soares replied "Yes, but it is not worth five pounds." "Je vous garantis," replied the station-master, "qu'il ne vous coûtera pas un sou." To which, as Mr. Soares tells us,

"Je vous remercie," said I, as apathetically as though I were refusing to purchase a newspaper, "mais le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle, et voilà le train qui va partir. J'ai l'honneur, monsieur," I added, raising my hat with the greatest politeness as the train bore me off, leaving him stupefied and aghast with impotent fury.

After this precious performance, it is fair to add, Mr. Soares wrote an apologetic letter, which the Frenchman very civilly accepted. That any man should be guilty of such behaviour is melancholy, though unluckily not surprising; that he should brag of it in an English newspaper is sufficiently strange; but that his "partial friends" should induce him to republish it in a book passes all our powers of comprehension. The anecdote, however, illustrates the causes of the love with which our travelling countrymen are regarded, and is so far moral. Our other story shows Mr. Soares's keen perception of wit. Travelling down the Danube, he met a High-Church archdeacon and an atheistic Italian professor. His great amusement, he tells us, was to get up religious discussions between them, by way of amusing himself with their loss of temper. The archdeacon, not unnaturally as it would seem after such behaviour, had what Mr. Soares calls the "insolence" to inquire into his creed. Mr. Soares is under the impression that he made a wonderfully witty reply, and completely crushed the archdeacon by saying that he was now a Mahomedan, because he always adopted the religion of the country in which he was travelling; and he then moralizes profoundly on the wickedness of religious discussions between strangers; which, as he had just been setting an atheist at an archdeacon, strikes us as scarcely an appropriate reflection, however sound it may be in itself. The same singular want of taste, to call it by no harsher name, comes out in many other places, and especially in his account of a flirtation with an American young lady in California, which, but for the statement in his preface that he always keeps to facts, we might have hoped to be fictitious. If it relates to real persons, we can only say that we should recommend American young ladies in future to be very careful how they become intimate with Mr. Soares. But perhaps the warning is superfluous.

We have mentioned thus much of Mr. Soares's delinquencies by way of justification to ourselves for not extending to him the only favour in our power, that of complete silence. As it is, we have no scruple in using Mr. Soares as an example of an odd and anything but attractive variety of travellers. He calls himself a Bohemian, and has certainly rambled up and down the world to a considerable extent. We have already mentioned his travels in California, India, and on the Danube. Besides this he has visited New Zealand gold-mines; he has touched at the Nicobar Islands; he has managed a petroleum company in Wallachia; and he speaks familiarly of Constantinople. The list is not wonderful for these days, but it should certainly have enabled him to see a good many places worthy of an intelligent curiosity. He is apparently a Londoner by birth, and makes a good deal of his familiarity with the varieties of London life. A story, which he is careful to tell us is not strictly true, represents him as the hero of an adventure similar to that with which a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* rather shocked believers in English propriety; a street acquaintance with an exquisite young beauty fortunately leads in this case to a happy marriage, following therein the precedent, commemorated in the ballads of Policeman X, of the lady who lived

Many years of union sweet

With a gent she met promiscuous walking in the public street.

Mr. Soares is proud of his acquaintance with the intricacies of German gambling-tables; and he takes care to introduce us to "one of the most talented men" he ever met, then working in the Thames gold-fields, but whom Mr. Soares had previously seen "holding his own at whist among the best players at the Arlington, or 'tooling' his drag and four at Richmond and at Goodwood." In short, Mr. Soares poses himself in the well-known character of the shrewd man of the world, who has seen many men and cities, and is equally at home with a Californian gold-digger or what he gracefully calls "a howling swell" in London. We have already given a few hints as to the good manners which he has somehow picked up, and we naturally suppose that he will develop an equal originality in other directions. We do not indeed believe very profoundly in the talents of the class which generally boasts most loudly of its knowledge

of the world; but we may admit that some of the better specimens, though they are apt to be rather vulgar, can be clever and entertaining on occasion. Now the extraordinary thing about Mr. Soares's travels is that he never seems to see or hear of anything that is not exquisitely commonplace. He has the sublime audacity to describe his travels from London to Strasburg by way of Paris, and, with the exception of the gratuitous insult to the station-master at Châlons, has no more interesting information to communicate than that passengers on French railways are shut up in *salles d'attente*, and that the guards call out the names of the stations to which the train is going with an intonation different from that of Englishmen. In short, the narrative recalls the experience of an elderly maiden lady who has never before been in foreign parts, rather than those of a sharp, clever man about town. When he gets to rather more out-of-the-way regions we begin to think that we really must come upon something new. In fact he does give us some information as to the price of petroleum in Wallachia; and he describes the dancing dervishes in Constantinople, apparently under the impression that he has almost the merit of an original discoverer. In California, too, he becomes really excited about a certain feat of driving along a very dangerous bit of road; and he might have something to say, if he was not too anxious to tell us about the "perfectly developed figure" and the "absurd little patent Wellington" boots of the lady he admires. At New Zealand he is perhaps a trifle more lively, and he has a curious notice or two of the savages on the island of Carnicobar. He ultimately winds up with a long description of Niagara, of which it is difficult to say that it is much better or much worse than some hundreds of other descriptions to which we have been treated; and, by way of giving an impression of his powers in a rather different line from that upon which we have been dwelling, we will quote the last words of the book:—

Yea. That calm unbroken type of Love and Mercy [namely, the steam that rises from the falls], so mild, so soft and beautiful, so immutable and placid, in the midst of passion and madness, seemed to draw me nearer to Him who passed through the agonies of Hell to bring Peace, and to enable us to ask with a serenity and fearlessness against which no violence can prevail, O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?

We are glad to part with Mr. Soares in this mood of religious eloquence, which contrasts rather funny with his previous performances. The only moral that we need deduce from his book is the extreme dulness of some gentlemen who glory in their Bohemian independence and look down with contempt upon poor dull respectability. It is possible, it seems, to be thoroughly familiar with "talented" persons who "tool drags at Goodwood," and to be knocked about the world from Calcutta to California and California to Constantinople, and yet to have no more power of seeing anything interesting, or describing what you have seen, than an average schoolboy on his first escape from home discipline. The fact may help to reconcile some of us to the apparent monotony of our home existence, and goes a long way to explain the liveliness of a large class of British travellers on the Continent. Only it would be as well if people who have not the gift of seeing could also be deprived of the power of speech. They would not then insult French guards or High-Church archdeacons, or play stupid practical jokes on their fellow-travellers, or bring discredit upon their fellow-countrymen who happen to follow in their track; and, what we naturally feel more keenly, they would not render it necessary for unfortunate critics to wade through pages of rubbish which once filled a few columns of an Indian newspaper without perhaps annoying a very large circle of readers, but which should never have been disinterred from their obscurity to waste the time of persons who might be better employed.

#### THE YOSEMITE GUIDE-BOOK.\*

A STEP in policy not more marked by liberality or prescience than prompted by the purest principles of national taste has within the last few years been taken by the State of California, acting under the supreme legislative authority of Congress. In 1864, being moved thereto by certain influential citizens of California, an Act was passed by the Central Legislature, to take effect upon its acceptance by that of the State, assigning to the State of California "the cleft or gorge in the Granite Peak of the Sierra Nevada mountain, situated in the county of Mariposa, in the State aforesaid, and the head-waters of the Merced River, and known as the Yosemite Valley, with its branches and spurs, in estimated length fifteen miles, and in average width one mile back from the precipice on each side of the valley," to be held by the said State for public use, resort, and recreation, "inalienable for all time." A further section included in the grant the tracts known as the "Mariposa Big Tree Grove," with the same conditions as to inalienability, providing for the allowance of leases of minor portions of the premises, out of which would arise an income adequate to the maintenance, improvement, and protection of the domain. At its next Session the Legislature of California, by formal Act, accepted the grant, with its trusts and responsibilities, and appointed a Commission for the due fulfilment of the same. It may thus be hoped that nature,

\* The Yosemite Guide-book: a Description of the Yosemite Valley and the Adjacent Region of the Sierra Nevada, and of the Big Trees of California. By J. D. Whitney, State Geologist. Published by Authority of the Legislature. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

[November 19, 1870.]

in her grandest earthly retreat, will be preserved for all time safe and sacred from such vulgar intrusion and profane handling as have desecrated the beauty and grandeur of Niagara. Depredations and vandalism of every kind are made penal under the Act, and a guardian is appointed to take charge of the Grove and the Valley. Special authority was given to the State Geologist to make further explorations and surveys in and about the region included in the trust, and to prepare and publish such topographical maps and reports as might be judged necessary for the information of the public or for the guidance of travellers. We have now the general result of this before us in the *Yosemite Guide-Book* compiled by Mr. Whitney, and published by authority of the Legislature, accompanied by an excellent contour map of the whole district, on the scale of two miles to an inch together with one of the valley itself on the scale of two inches to a mile. A larger edition of the work has, we understand, been issued with photographic illustrations. The volume before us is illustrated by clearly drawn and picturesque woodcuts selected from those executed for the author's *Geology of California*.

The real name of this remarkable valley seems to be uncertain, both in its origin and its orthography. By the aboriginal Indians it was known as Ahwahnee or Auwonni. It is only of late years that it has come to be designated by its present name of Yosemite (a word of four syllables, upon the second of which the accent falls in pronunciation), meaning "grizzly bear." This may very probably have been the name of a chief, or it may have been given to the valley by bands of Indians driven out by the whites in 1851. The native denizens of the valley and its neighbourhood are said to have been a mixed race made up of the disaffected of the various tribes from the Tuolumne to King's River. Of their language little is known, but they had a name for every meadow, cliff, and waterfall in and about the valley. By the aid of the interpreter to the Government surveying party, Mr. B. B. Travis, a list of the principal names was made out, with their English equivalents. No one can see without regret names introduced by white settlers or visitors replace the musical Póhono, the "Bridal Veil" Fall; Totokónula (the towering rock now called "El Capitan"), imitated, say the natives, from the cry of the crane, which in winter enters the valley by flying over that rock; Loya, the "Sentinel" peak; Tululowehack, the canon of the South Fork of the Merced, called the Illilouette in the Californian Geological Report; or Yowiye, for which Mr. Cunningham has no fitter translation than "squirming" or "twisted," in reference to the peculiar shape of the Nevada Fall. The threatened invasion of a railroad from Stockton or "Copperopolis," while opening up the recesses of this wondrous and in many respects exceptional creation to easy and familiar intercourse, will do much, we cannot but fear, to dissipate what little of poetry or virgin purity still breathes in the atmosphere of the valley. This secluded haunt was long kept secret as a place of refuge by the Indians. It was in the course of the troubles of 1850 that its existence was first suspected by the white settlers. In the spring of the year following an expedition was organized, under Captain Boling, to explore the mountain and drive the natives out of their fastness. Under the guidance of an old chief, Tenaya, whose name is perpetuated in the beautiful lake which lies between Mount Hoffmann and Cathedral Peak, and in the branch of the Merced River heading in that lake, the valley was reached, several Indians were killed, and the rest, terribly disheartened at this invasion of what they had thought their impregnable retreat, reduced to terms of peace. In a year or two difficulties with the Monos on the eastern side of the Sierra, as well as with the white diggers, led to the almost entire extirpation of the Yosemite tribe.

This remarkable valley is roughly likened to a gigantic trough hollowed out in the lofty granitic plateau of the Sierra range nearly at right angles to the regular trend of the mountains, the general axis of the Sierra being approximately N 31° W. The principal features by which it is distinguished from all other known valleys are, first, the near approach to verticality of its walls; secondly, their height, not absolutely alone but as compared with the width of the valley itself; and finally, the very small amount of talus or débris at the base of these gigantic cliffs. In its general outline, and in the numerous waterfalls and cascades which meet and enchant the eye on every side, the Yosemite Valley suggests an exaggerated Lauterbrunnen. In its towering domes, however, as in the scale and profusion of its falling streams, the great Californian gorge stands unique and supreme. Waterfalls in the vicinity, the *Guide-Book* can assert, surpassing in beauty many of those best known and most visited in Europe, are actually left entirely unnoticed by travellers, there being so many other objects of interest to be visited that it is impossible to find time for them all. The "Bridal Veil" is in aspect and position almost identical with the Staubbach. Here also the traveller, in estimating at a distance the height of the fall, labours under the like difficulty in the absence of scale. Looking at what seems afar off the toy chalet at the foot of the Swiss fall, one can scarcely believe, till wetted by the spray or sheltered by the goodly two-story dwelling house which the toy is found to be, that the limestone ledge over which leaps the perpendicular shoot is some 800 feet above one's head. The gigantic vegetation of the Yosemite has the same effect in dwarfing the real magnitude of the domes and peaks in the background. The "Bridal Veil" on the west side of the Cathedral Rock has one sheer perpendicular leap of 630 feet. Striking here on a sloping pile of

débris, the water rushes down in a series of cascades for a downward distance of 300 feet more. Its base being concealed by the trees of the valley, the effect of the fall is as though it were over 900 feet in vertical height. The "Virgin's Tears," directly facing it across the valley, makes also a fine fall of over 1,000 feet, included in a deep recess in the granite rocks near the corner of El Capitan. Though at times dry in summer, this fall while it lasts—though scarcely spoken of, the Guide-book assures us, at the Yosemite among so many grander ones—far surpasses the Staubbach in volume of water and picturesque effect, no less than in height. Most stupendous of all, not only in sheer elevation but in all its surroundings and accessories, is the "Yosemite Fall" *par excellence* :—

The Yosemite Fall is formed by a creek of the same name, which heads on the west side of the Mount Hoffmann Group, about ten miles north-east of the Valley. Being fed by melting snows exclusively, and running through its whole course over almost bare granite rock, its volume varies greatly at different times and seasons, according to the amount of snow remaining unmelted, the temperature of the air and the clearness or cloudiness of the weather. In the spring, when the snow first begins to melt with rapidity, the volume of water is very great; as ordinarily seen by visitors in the most favourable portion of the season—say from May to July—the quantity will be about that represented in the woodcut; still later, it shrinks down to a very much smaller volume. We estimated the size of the stream at the summit of the fall, at a medium stage of water, to be twenty feet in width and two feet in average depth. Mr. J. F. Houghton measured the Yosemite Creek below the fall June 17th, 1865, and found it to be thirty-seven feet wide and twenty-five inches deep, with the velocity of about a mile an hour, giving about half a million cubic feet as passing over the fall in an hour. At the highest stage of water there is probably three times as much as this. The vertical height of the lip of the fall above the Valley is, in round numbers, 2,600 feet, our various measurements giving from 2,537 to 2,641, the discrepancies being due to the fact that a near approach to, or a precise definition of, the place where the perpendicular portion of the fall commences is not possible. The lip or edge of the fall is a great rounded mass of granite, polished to the last degree, on which it was found to be a very hazardous matter to move. A difference of hundred feet, in a fall of this height, would be entirely imperceptible to most eyes.

At no very remote geological period there were immense glaciers in the Sierra Nevada. The beautiful polished and striated surface thereby produced upon the rocks, limited to the higher part of the range, are most abundant and defined about the heads of Kern and King's Rivers in the region above the Yosemite, from the valleys in which the Merced, San Joaquin, and Tuolumne take their rise. Of these ice masses the most striking must have been that which came down the valley of the Tuolumne, above thirty miles in length. Not only this fact but a further proof makes it evident that the climate of this region was formerly far more moist than it is now. This additional proof lies in the traces of a much greater extension in former times of the lake on the eastern slope of the Sierra. Mono Lake, for instance, is surrounded by terraces or benches, which show that its surface was once 600 feet higher than it is now, and the same is true of Walker, Pyramid, and the other lakes on that side of the Sierra. No doubt, as Mr. Whitney argues with reason, at that time the now arid valleys of the Nevada were beautiful inland seas, which filled the spaces between the lofty parallel ridges by which that State is traversed:—

Perhaps the slopes of those ridges were then clothed with dense forests, offering a wonderful contrast to the present barrenness of the ranges, and the monotony and desolation of the alkaline plains at their base.

The broad level mass of the Table Mountain remains as a proof of the vast current of lava which once flowed continuously across what is now a canon over 2,000 feet deep. This stupendous result of volcanic action is shown, by the fossil bones and plants embedded under the volcanic flood, to have taken place as recently as the latter term of the tertiary epoch, if not since the appearance of man upon the earth. Even more marvellous, if possible, are the evidences of the tremendous erosion which must have since excavated those tremendous gorges by which the western slope of the Sierra is furrowed to the depth of thousands of feet. Not that the peculiar form of the Yosemite scenery itself can be explained by any amount of aqueous erosion. Neither the vertical faces of El Capitan or of the Bridal Veil Rock, turned away as they are from the direction in which the eroding forces must have acted, nor the rounded summit of the Half Dome rising 2,000 feet in sublime isolation above any point which could have been reached by denuding agencies, even supposing the water to have filled the whole valley, can be referred to such an origin. Still less can the sawing-out of these vertical walls and the rounding of these domes be attributed to the erosive agency of ice. The two principal types of valleys in general are those produced by rents or fissures in the earth's crust and those resulting from flexures or folding of the strata. But to the peculiar formation of the Yosemite neither of these theories will apply. Mr. Whitney is led to a solution of a bold and original kind, for which he acknowledges himself to be unprovided with any exact parallel in nature. This is the subsidence, from some unknown cause, of the limited area forming the Yosemite; the bottom of the valley sinking down to an indefinite depth, owing to its support being somehow withdrawn from underneath during some of those convulsive oscillations which must have attended the upheaval of so extensive and elevated a chain. Lines of fault or fissure were thus created, crossing each other nearly at right angles. Hence the author would account for the very small amount of débris at the base of the cliffs. The cavity formed, he considers, originally a vast water cistern or lake, along the bed of which the detritus of the rocks would form the level deposit and wide spread of fertile material which, inter-

sparsely with minor lakes, now makes the central feature in the landscape. We fail to see how Mr. Whitney accounts for the formation of the domes. On his hypothesis we should expect them to be regarded as gigantic pillars or isolated shafts left standing in the general subsidence, and rounded off by the gradual agency of storms and falling rain.

The last chapter of the *Guide* contains all that can be said of the "Big Trees," which form the feature most familiarly associated, there can be no doubt, with the landscape of the Yosemite and the Mariposa. The enormous height popularly attributed to the Sequoia of California is far from being borne out by these careful and authentic measurements. The "Keystone State," the present pride of the Calaveras group, has 325 feet set down as its actual height, which we have seen far outstripped in the stature assigned in the official scientific survey of Victoria to the lordly gum-tree, the *Eucalyptus amygdalina* of the Yarra Yarra. Throughout the volume the reader cannot fail to be impressed with the careful restriction to facts, and the conscientious treatment of every portion of the subject, which entitle the *Yosemite Guide* to the gratitude and confidence of the public.

#### OWEN GLENDOWER.\*

THE title-page of this book will at once warn the reader what he has to expect. Local patriotism burns nowhere more fiercely than in Wales; and the late Dr. Williams, whatever may have been his deviations from the path of orthodoxy, was evidently untouched by that modern heresy which picks to pieces every reputed patriot, even if it does not discover him to be, like William Tell of immortal and operatic memory, a mistake and a myth altogether. Indeed, he was so far from sharing such views that in one of the poems of this book he confesses a desire to deliver over to the secular arm those who deny the existence of King Arthur; another proof that the persecuted is made of the same stuff as the persecutor:—

So thou avoid the greater heresy  
(In sounder ages men were burnt for less)  
Of neologian critics, who deny  
Historic being to the blameless king.  
Most certainly he lived.

If it were not for Tennyson's Idyls, which still proclaim the glories of the Arthur of romance, we should say that the Welsh were not so much in fashion now. Their palmy days began in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and lasted until ethnologists proved to Englishmen that they were the descendants of the pagan Saxons, and had no connexion with Caractacus or Boadicea or any other British worthy. Now the Teuton is having his full swing, in literature as in the field; there are people to be found so intensely Teutonized that we verily believe the patriotic strain of "Britons never shall be slaves" would scarce awaken a response in their hearts. Dr. Williams was evidently embittered by this, and throughout *Owen Glendower* constant efforts are made to set up the Welshman as a rival to the favoured Teuton, and to prove that the Teutonic virtues, of which we do undeniably hear a good deal, and, thanks to the German armies, are likely to hear a good deal more, are either non-existent or common to other races. "Whatever commonplaces may pass among indiscriminating ethnologists, the old Teuton seems quite as animalily passionate as the Gaul, and more so than the Briton." The Teuton, more particularly the Englishman, supposes himself to be truthful; and Dr. Williams delights in contrasting the good faith of Glendower—who, by the way, had no great temptation to be false—with the treasons of the perjured Northumberland and the rebellious Hotspur:—

Good my lord,

How many oaths will bind an Englishman?

*Owen Glendower*, in short, which was written, we are told, "as a recreation amidst more arduous labours," embodies its author's most cherished views upon things in general, and it is easy to see what pleasure he had in the composition of it, with what tender affection he polished and beautified the character of his hero Glendower, with what zeal he darkened the fierce features of Hotspur, and with what gusto he launched sarcasms against bishops, Englishmen, and Teutons generally:—

Our clear-eyed race, for faith of reason born,  
Has not the Teuton sluggishness of blood,  
Which fashions devils out of obstacles,  
And then its ugly fantasy adores.

The intention of the work is, so he states in the preface, "to restore a character of dim but heroic lineaments to the more distinct recollection of his countrymen; perhaps of others, who can honour courage in an enemy, and patriotism though unsuccessful." From the last words, and similar expressions elsewhere, it would appear that at this time of day Englishmen are supposed to harbour resentment against the "dam'd Glendower," the "barefooted rascal," whose success would have been, as the House of Commons expressed it, "to the destruction of all English tongue for evermore." That Owen was not loved by the English of his own day, who paid him the compliment of believing him in league with the Devil, is not wonderful; that some of his countrymen were jealous of the supremacy he assumed, and that in the long run they may have found him as doubtful a blessing to his native land as an over-

\* *Owen Glendower; a Dramatic Biography: being a Contribution to the Genuine History of Wales. And other Poems.* By Goronwy Camlan (Rowland Williams, D.D.). London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. Bristol: Jefferies & Sons. 1870.

zealous Free-shooter is to the peasantry among whom he wages warfare—this is the common lot of guerrilla patriots. But on the whole he has not fared hardly at the hands of subsequent English history or fiction. It is the Welsh, rather than the English legend-makers, to whom we owe the tale of the lingering death inflicted on Howel Sele, and who have represented Glendower as coolly looking on while his allies were crushed at Shrewsbury. If the chronicler Hall styles him "a rebell and sedicious seducer," words which might be applied to any defender of an "oppressed nationality," on the other hand the Glendower of Shakespeare, that refined, poetical, and unselfish enthusiast who is moved to stately wrath when his supernatural pretensions are derided, but who scarcely condescends to wrangle with Hotspur over a strip of territory, is a portrait of which no one, however violently Welsh, need complain. The talents, "the essential greatness, at least the masculine vigour, of the man," as Dr. Williams says, who, "starting from the position of an educated country gentleman, with the slender resources of a small and divided country," kept up a struggle against England for fifteen years, have never been doubted since men ceased to believe that he "swore the devil his true liege-man upon the cross of a Welsh hook." As for his burnings and slayings, he had in great measure the example set him; Prince Henry's well-known letter to the Council shows how war was made in Wales. To calculate the exact guilt of a given fire or slaughter is in many cases impossible; thus to the end of our lives we shall probably never know the rights and the wrongs of the burning of Bazilles, which happened but the other day. Dr. Williams makes a strenuous defence of his hero, which mainly amounts to this, that he had grave injuries to revenge, and that he carried on irregular warfare as it always must be carried on. The plea of military necessity will hardly justify his burnings of cathedrals, which it is difficult not to consider as sacrilege and Vandalism, unless, as his present eulogist intimates, it was caused by a natural antipathy to bishops, which is, of course, an amiable trait in a man's character.

But if Owen Glendower's merits are unappreciated, it is to be feared that this "dramatic biography," which may be described as a play without a plot, will not do much for him. A writer whose object was to rehabilitate the much maligned Macbeth and his wife, might set forth his views in a history, or an essay, or an epic poem, but not, if he were wise, in "a dramatic biography," which would indeed be entering into a rash competition. One Hotspur and one Glendower—it is useless to tell us that they are a false Hotspur and a false Glendower—live for ever in that marvellous scene of *Henry IV.*; and, thinking of them, how can we have patience to labour through Dr. Williams's painstaking attempts at delineating character? He states at the outset that he has made accuracy his primary object, and doubtless he surpasses Shakespeare on many points; he knows that Hotspur's wife ought to be called Bess and not Kate, and he has heartlessly changed our old acquaintance "roan Barbary" into "white Barbary." At times his allusions are quite recondite. When Glendower taunts Lord Grey about "damask payment," the point of the remark will be lost upon any reader who has not studied Holinshed carefully enough to remember that Lord Grey, who held a manor by the service of "covering the tables" at the coronation, carried off the tablecloths after the banquet as his perquisites. With this attention to detail it is strange that Dr. Williams should have followed Shakespeare in representing Henry as demanding that the Percies should render up to him the prisoners taken at Homildon Hill. The King's own letter to the Earl of Northumberland shows that all he did was to prohibit the ransom or release of the prisoners until further orders, reserving at the same time the captors' rights over the persons and property of their captives.

Much labour has been spent to give each character of the poem an individual existence. Young Prince Hal, whenever he appears, is most correct in his language and manners; Hotspur rejoices in the command of a fierce soldiery, whom he styles, in rather peculiar phrase,

Fellows not careful how they mince their work;

Hugueville proves himself a genuine Frenchman by fretting for action, and habitually swearing "Mort Dieu"; Mortimer makes love in a gentle and graceful fashion, and Jane Glendower responds with maidenly timidity; the Bishop of Bangor, a worldly English prelate, and Gruffud ab Dewy, a Welshman of the school of the traditional Taffy, approach the borders of comedy; and there are patriots in plenty. All these are grouped round Glendower himself, who is so perfect, so calm, so gentle, that were it not for a tendency towards a mild kind of nineteenth-century heresy and Liberalism, he could be likened to nobody so well as to Sir William Wallace in Miss Jane Porter's novel. He has grown too wise to discourse upon

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff;

but perhaps he is still open to the reproach of being "as tedious as is a tired horse." Take the following speech, which, as an exposition of Dr. Williams's own views, is not without merit, but which, when addressed by Glendower to his French ally, Hugueville, must have somewhat puzzled that gallant soldier:—

HUGUEVILLE.  
To what aspire your highness for your land?

[November 19, 1870.]

## GLENDOWER.

Aspire to root out trace of feudalism ;  
 To break both baron's sword and prelate's scourge ;  
 To give each heart, and soul, and tongue its right ;  
 To bid the peasant look in face the lord,  
 With courtesy returned, or else not given ;  
 To open, as for merit, each career,  
 Choosing bright brain, with temperate life, and pure,  
 More than the fawning tribe of nepotism ;  
 To see no priestly conscience urged to lie,  
 Nor people's prayer postponed to priestly rite ;  
 To choose, from Hebrew commonwealth inspired,  
 Something of measured land and steadfast type ;  
 To add the light which from bright Hellas shone,  
 And let each liberal art go forth in peace,  
 Not dreading superstition's blighting eye,  
 Unblest anathema, or frowning power.

It is not wonderful that Hugueville, after this, confines himself to purely military topics. By the time we have followed Glendower through a course of fighting, foraying, slaughtering, and philosophizing, to his retirement into a hermit's cell, we are very tired of him indeed. There are many bits of his speeches which would read well as extracts; but, as a whole, *Owen Glendower* sins by being so dull that it is impossible to remember any of it. More entertainment may be extracted from the preface and the notes, which are clever, and vigorous in style, occasionally becoming savage, as in the case of a fierce onslaught on Dean Hook and his *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*.

The second part of the book, consisting of sonnets and miscellaneous poems, is much more attractive. It is not poetry in the high sense of the term, but neither is it mere rhyme. The verse is not unmelodious, and there is no waste of words, though the expressions are often forced and obscure. The whole tone of thought is that peculiar to the present day—vaguely reverential, stern in morality, chafing against dogma, while clinging with almost piteous earnestness to Christianity, though the Christianity of all former ages would have disowned and cast it out as rank heresy—a faith, in short, which eludes every attempt to grasp it, or to bring it to a positive statement on any point whatever. That the writer's ideas, in their struggle to gain utterance, sometimes wind themselves into inextricable confusion, is a misfortune incidental to this form of religion; that a certain amount of egotism, and a good deal of private bitterness, should show themselves here and there, is perhaps to be expected. A more judicious editor might have suppressed one or two of the pieces, such as the one on "Babbincombe." Denunciations of bishops as a class, though one wearies of them, are allowable; not so the marked and savage allusion to an individual prelate in his "Sybarite villa" "breathing dark spirit forth," which spoils what would otherwise be a pretty bit of that which it is the fashion to call "word-painting." The bold criticism on Keble, though it will offend those to whom the author of the *Christian Year* is well-nigh a canonized saint, is perfectly fair and even kindly in spirit; but in the next poem the courtesy and reserve usually observed towards men still living have been thrown aside. The lines in question are pointed and vigorous, but we might as well have been left to guess at whom they were aimed :—

Not destitute of love to God or Man ;  
 But with a serpent's quiet, hissing hate,  
 To those who believe, misdeems, mishopes ;  
 Nor sparing God himself, if God should spare,  
 Nor loving whose deems His name is Love,  
 Nor speaking truly of who seeks but truth.

The orthodox have in all ages been rather too ready to liken their adversaries unto serpents, spiders, and other creeping things; but certainly the unorthodox ought not to be allowed the same privilege. No one blames a man if in a moment of bitterness his ire finds a safety-valve in verse, which, as those who have dabbled in rhyme know, is a most effectual way of working off wrath; but when his mind is relieved he had better keep his verses to himself.

As examples of how well Dr. Williams could write when he left off railing at "guilty prelates" and "blind accusers," and complaining of his wrongs, two pieces called "Life to Come" and "Gethsemane" may be pointed out. Both have a kind of dreamy beauty, and both are characteristic of the school of thought to which the author belonged; the first expressing the vague, half-heathen hopes in which its weakness lies, the second filled with the intense reverence which is its noblest feature. We may also mention a spirited ballad, "The Boast of Ethelred," though it is marred by a false rhyme in the first stanza, probably a mere inadvertence, and the poem on "Wiltshire Roads." From the latter it may be gathered that, in spite of much theological meditation, Dr. Williams had an eye for scenery, a love for the old four-horse coach, a lively interest in a yearling taking his gallop or a pack of hounds in full cry, and could enter into other controversies beside his own, as is proved by his allusion to Mr. Freeman on Field Sports. Unfortunately towards the end he relapses into theology, and we feel that a walk upon Wiltshire or other roads with such a companion might be a severe mental exercise. On the whole, if it had not been for the preface, the editor would have done better to have revolutionized the book and put the minor poems at the beginning. After going through a course of the sonnets, readers might possibly find themselves strengthened to grapple with the fragment called "Patriarchal

Religion," and with "Owen Glendower" itself. At present there is a risk of their sticking fast by the time they have got to Mortimer's defeat at Knighton Hill.

## FOLIA SILVULÆ.

**I**N the interval between the appearance of the first volume of *Folia Silvulae*, which we reviewed in July, 1865, and the present time, its editor has amassed, and held, it would seem, ready for publication at a convenient season, the materials of the goodly tome which now completes his valuable work. There will be some theorists, we are aware, with whom its merits will find little favour, but it would be idle to reiterate at length, in the vain hope of converting such, the reasons we have so often urged for the maintenance of Greek and Latin composition and translation in our schools and colleges. If evidence were needed that competent versions of English poetry into classical languages serve to bring home more closely the precise meaning of the poet who undergoes translation, it might be abundantly supplied from the volume before us. If, too, an *argumentum ad hominem* could silence gainsayers, it might be conspicuously urged in the citation of names, already distinguished or on the high road to distinction, the initials of which, affixed to Greek and Latin passages in these "Leaves," seem to proclaim that one element of their success has been a cultivation of neatness and accuracy, of form and style, in the diligent practice of translation. But we are so convinced that every competent judge will agree with us as to the importance of this practice to the formation of a scholar, that we forbear to press the argument, or to dwell on the antagonistic outcry, which has found its loudest supporters in cynics who have conveniently forgotten the debt they owe to scholarship in their eagerness to fraternize with the unlettered mass, and in one or two kindly but mistaken literary philanthropists who have given in to the clamour for *multa* instead of *multum* as the end of education and learning. Dr. Hubert Holden's second volume of *Folia Silvulae* is a comfortable assurance that this clamour does not as yet fill our places of instruction. In the two Fasciculi of which it is made up will be found samples of finished translation into Greek or Latin verse by all the foremost scholars and schoolmasters in this country, samples in which it would be extremely difficult to find fault or flaw, and the study of which cannot but result in higher esteem both of the exercise and of the workmen. The third "bundle," embracing half the volume, is made up of translations into Greek iambics; the fourth—which is to our taste more attractive—of versions of English poetry in Latin heroics, elegiacs, or lyric metres. Both are so replete with excellence of finished workmanship, that it is a difficult and almost invidious task to single out specially meritorious pieces; and it is only fair to premise that for one passage which we find room to praise in the following remarks there are, in most instances, at least a score of similar merit which we are constrained to overlook.

Dr. Holden has done much to facilitate the task of criticism by giving, in this as in his former volume, alternative versions of particular pieces, so as to afford opportunity for comparison. It is true that he no longer enables us to pit his composition against that of his cousin of Durham, of whose handiwork we have but a single sample—a neat translation from *Romeo and Juliet* into Greek iambics. But he does not evade the test of comparison with equally distinguished scholars, in the many contributions which he makes, from his own store, to the first Fasciculus; and his sole contribution to the Latin portion of the volume, some hexameters which reproduce a grand passage of Wordsworth (pp. 416–19), is quite as good as any Latin verses in the whole volume. But, to deal with the Greek first, we would point to the passage in p. 30 from *Samson Agonistes*, beginning "I see thou art implacable," and ending with "not too much disapprove my own," as a test-point of the editor's equality, to say the least, with Lord Lyttelton, whose version he gives along with his own. If anything, it is more perspicuous, as is the case also with another extract from the *Samson*, in which Mr. James Gylby Lonsdale, a scholar to whom this volume is indebted for some of its very best versions *utriusque linguae*, appears to us to have the advantage in this respect. In the passage to which we refer occur the lines,

What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
 And at another to let in the foe?

And no one can find a fault in Lord Lyttelton's rendering—

μᾶς τί χρή τὸν ἵκθρὸν εἰργαθεῖν πόλης,  
 ἐτίραν ἀφροπονεῖν ὑπεροφεντί δυάδακια;

yet it is impossible to doubt that the version of Mr. Lonsdale is truer to the text of the English, at the same time that it is equally elegant and good Greek :—

τί δ' ὄφελος ἦν μιαν τιν' εὐ φράξαι πόλην  
 κάτ' οὖν δὲ ἀλλας πολέμου παρίναι;

Perhaps, however, the best specimen of Dr. Holden's experiments on passages from *Samson Agonistes* in the book before us is one where he has not placed side by side with it the parallel

\* *Folia Silvulae, sive Ecloga poetarum Anglicorum in Latinum et Graecum conversa.* Quas dispositus Hubertus A. Holden, LL.D., Collegii SS. Trinitatis quondam Socius; Scholae regiae Gippesvicensis Magister. Informator. Volumen Alterum. Cantabrigia: apud Deighton et Bell, Socios MDCCLXX.

lines of Lord Lyttelton, who has in a manner made *Comus* and *Samson* his peculiar field. We refer to the speech of the hero as he describes the wiles of his temptress, when

Yet the fourth time, mustering all her wiles  
With blandished parries, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night  
To storm me overwatched and wearied out  
At times when men seek most repose and rest, &c.

The Greek of Dr. Holden is as well chosen in the whole passage as in the six lines which match the English just quoted:—

τὸς λοισθοῖς δί, ἔνημιγεῖς ιπὲλ δόλους  
καὶ μηχανᾶς ἐνυῆψεν, οὐδὲ ἐτάβαρο  
τὸ μὴ οὖ με θίλγειν νύκτας ἡμέρας θ' ἵσως  
λέισος μύδος καὶ γυναικεῖον νόμον,  
ιν φ' μάλιστα παῦλαν εἴνησται βροτοί,  
θύειν, ἀράσσειν προσβολαῖς γλωσσαλγίας.

As we are on the track of Milton we may mention that in the volume before us we have four different versions of the dialogue between "Comus" and "the Lady," which has so much and so often exercised the skill of translators. These four are by Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Paley, Mr. George Butler, and Mr. Lewis Campbell; and the palm appears to us to lie between Messrs. Lonsdale and Paley. If pressed into a corner we should give it to the latter, though we cannot forget that throughout the whole volume there is no contributor who is the author of so many faultless lines as Mr. Lonsdale. Both he and Mr. Paley have continued the passage in question beyond the single line dialogue, so as to bring in the fine passage of *Comus* which introduces the "colours of the rainbow" and "the plighted clouds." Both translators appear in their Greek to appreciate sufficiently the force of the epithet in "the swinked hedger." Two very good specimens of Mr. Paley's Greek iambic translation are the Ghost's account of his murder in *Hamlet* (see p. 70), and Antony's speech over Caesar's dead body, in p. 101; and we think that he fully holds his own against so brilliant an iambist as Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy in his version of Wolsey's "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," which the reader will have an opportunity of determining if he compares the parallel versions in pp. 244-5. Of course there are, in this repertory of choice translations, masterly works of such eminent hands as Dr. B. H. Kennedy and his brothers; and other great names will be found well represented. It is odd, but, as far as our memory serves, we note for the first time in this volume the name of a Head-Master of Rugby contributing to this kind of classical literature. Dr. Hayman, whose scholarship was attested some years since by a volume of translations of which we took notice at the time, contributes to the third "Fasciculus" of *Folia* an iambic version of "Queen Margaret's Speech to Queen Elizabeth" (*Richard III*, Act iv. Scene iv.), of high merit as a whole, and containing several admirable lines which had we space we should gladly quote. One line, which represents "A mother only mocked with two fair babes," in the verse—

μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ εὐτίκοντος ξυνωρίδης—

must suffice for the nonce. We may also draw attention to another translator better known perhaps for his promise in the field of English poetry, Mr. F. Myers, who has turned the stanza of Gray's "Elegy" which begins "Full many a gem," &c., into admirably neat iambics, as follows:—

πολλοὶ λίθοι φίλογνες εἰανγή φλόγα  
εἴσοντο δίστοις έν μυχοῖς Νηρέος.  
ἀνθη τε τὴν Κηφιόνος αἰθέρος πλάκα  
πάμπολλα μαλισσοντ' ιρεύεται μάτην.

Reference has been made above to the skillful versions of the single-lined dialogue between *Comus* and the *Lady*, and we observe that the editor has admitted two or three similar dialogues from our neo-classical dramatists as material for practice in translation. Bits of *Atlanta in Calydon* (488 c.), and of *Arnold's Merope* (650 and 859, this last a very careful version by the editor), are almost, so to speak, photographically reproduced in these pages, but we are not quite sure that the excellence of these reproductions does not suffer abatement from the elaborate study of Greek form by our modern poets, which makes the turns of speech, question, and reply so completely Greekish that they fall readily back into the language of Attic dramatists. We confess to a desire to see these exercises limited to reproductions of our elder poets. The increasing study of Greek form in modern poetry is calculated to render approximate perfection in translating it cheaply attainable.

Somehow or other there is no such drawback to Latin verse translation—a higher and rarer acquirement, as we venture to think, though there is ample proof in the second part of the volume under review that we have a goodly number of masters of it amongst us still. And they are not confined to one school, as some might be led to think; though it is certainly curious to note within a few pages of each other the same lucidity and grace in the elegiac version of Cowper's "Morning Dream," by Mr. Moss, the present Head-Master of Shrewsbury, and the hexameters, into which, nearly eighty years ago, one of his predecessors, Dr. Butler, turned Milton's Sonnet on his Twenty-third Birthday. The pieces in question, numbered 41 and 49 in the collection, are well-nigh faultless, and the triumph of Salopians might be deemed perfect if with these were cited in immediate proximity Dr. Kennedy's Elegiacs from Tennyson, headed "Love and Duty" (99, pp. 449-451). But where did Mr. Potts, the newly-installed Head of Fettes College, acquire the skill in elegiacs and hexameters which is shown in his

version of Sappho's song by L. E. L. (60), and of an extract (61) from Phillipps's "Splendid Shilling"; or where did Mr. Jebb gain the facility in Latin heroic, elegiac, and lyrics, which is as affluent in these pages as in those of the *Serum Carthusianum*? Mr. J. L. Hammond, of Trinity, Cambridge, too, asserts a foremost place for his excellence in Latin versification, by his rendering of Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds," &c. (78), into elegiacs, of which we give the last stanza:—

Then be not coy, but use your time,

And while ye may, go marry:

For having lost but once your prime,

Ye may for ever tarry.

Tu vero, Asterie, fastu depone superbos,  
Dumque licet zonam solvere, carpo diem.  
Mox, ubi praeferit tenera prestantia forma,  
Intempestivam spernet amator anum.

His hexameters in the passage translated from Goldsmith's *Traveller*, which precedes these elegiacs, are also very good. The editor's own hexameters, to which we have before referred, are also an instance of high cultivation of Latin verse in other nurseries than Shrewsbury. Few pieces of translation could eclipse this ending of the passage from Wordsworth (79), of which we must give the English as well as the Latin:—

Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Quotiesque fugatis  
Immortale prouul nimbis mens prospicit sequor,  
Quo deuictus hujus petit commercia terra,  
Fas illuc dicto citius migrare solatum  
Corpo, fas pueros ludentes visere ripa,  
Fas audire undam mariis inquietu sonantem.

There is, however, no denying that a great many of the best Latin verse-writers in the present volume do owe the gift to their nursing mother on the banks of the Severn.

Not to speak of Mr. Holmes, Mr. Munro, and other more prominent Salopians well represented in the *Folia Silvula*, it will be found that one of the prettiest translations in the book is Allison's "Garden of Love" turned into elegiacs by Mr. F. E. Gretton, an old Shrewsburian, although he now hails from Stamford Grammar School. The new Bishop of Manchester, too, if we mistake not, owes part of his education to Shrewsbury, and he is the author of three versions of well known epigrams, one of which, which we transcribe, will suggest its original:—

Tangit me quali tua sunt epigrammata fato,  
Quae tot adhuc verbis tam gravibusque sonant;  
Dimidio sed enim, video, lectoris egebit:  
Dimidio veror detur ut illa fides.

We know not to what school Dr. Neale owed his nurture, but the citation of this epigram reminds us that closely preceding it are versions of "Humpty Dumpty," "Little Jack Horner," and "Hey diddle diddle," by that accomplished mediavalist, as good as any in the first issue of the *Arundines Cami*. Here is the version of "Jack Horner" with Dr. Neale's Latin title:—

In GLASTONBURY APUD HENRICUM VIII. ABBATIE PROCURATORUM.

Cornifici puer sedem dabat angulus adia,  
Saturali sub mandebat artocreas:  
E quibus evellens inserto police prunum,  
"Me ter" ait, "juvenem, me quater egregium."

But, of whatever school Dr. Neale was an alumnus, there is no mistake as to Mr. T. S. Evans, the Greek Professor at Durham, and his versions, in all kinds, are of the highest degree of excellence. We wish we could quote his rendering of Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England" into the Horatian metre known as the 4th Asclepiad, or his Alcaic version of Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way," either in part or in their entirety. This eminent scholar's translations stand, with those of Professor Munro, Mr. Jebb, and one or two others, far above the range of average versification. And this because of the simple lucidity with which they represent the gist of the passages translated. Surely it is a great thing to encourage the cultivation and transmission of this faculty. Surely it must, where possessed, influence appreciably the English style, and conduce to terseness, clearness, and pointedness in the use of our mother tongue. Because we believe that the practice of translation has these influences, we cordially recommend the volume before us as a very rich storehouse of modern translations.

#### THE GENIAL SHOWMAN.\*

M.R. HINGSTON, the author of the *Genial Showman*, held much the same position towards Artemus Ward which the man with the pipes and drum, outside the Punch and Judy show, holds towards the man who moves the puppets within. It was his task to herald the advent of his illustrious partner with vast puffing, and to send the cap round for the dollars and cents. Unhappily for him, just as matters were going on most prosperously, poor Artemus Ward died, and Mr. Hingston's pipings were at an end. But with the spirit of a true showman he felt that, if he could no

\* *The Genial Showman: being Reminiscences of the Life of Artemus Ward, and Pictures of a Showman's Career in the Western World.* By Edward P. Hingston. 2 vols. London: John Camden Hotten.

longer help his friend in his show, he might at all events make a show of his friend. In this perhaps he offended against the over-refined delicacy of the purest friendship, and imitated rather those philosophers who rise so far above the vulgar prejudices of humanity as to turn an honest penny by selling the bodies of their deceased relations to the College of Surgeons. Following his master's example, he took care that his show should have as little to do with its subject as was possible. "My intention was," he says, "to write the story of one who was the most genial of showmen. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, I have written of many other people and of many other things." Mrs. Nickleby often yielded to the impulse of the moment, and though her intention was to talk of one person or one thing, she always talked of a great many other people and things. We do not know that she was ever quite so great an offender in this respect as Mr. Hingston, or that she ever allowed the impulse of the moment to last quite so long. One impulse, at all events, carries Mr. Hingston over one hundred and eighty-four pages, in all of which, as he is separated by some thousands of miles from Artemus Ward, he has only himself to talk about. For ourselves we are well content to remain in entire ignorance of the doings of Artemus Ward from October 3 to November 12, in the year 1863. But Mr. Hingston, as well as Nature, abhors a vacuum, and looks upon the absence of the master as the best opportunity for the man. So in a travelling theatre at some country fair, if there is a hitch in the performance and the regular drama is delayed by the absence of the chief actor, the Jack Pudding comes tumbling on and fills up the gap by his foolish antics. It is at first sight a matter of wonder how a man who is not a Special Correspondent can write about his own doings for some five or six weeks at the rate of five pages a-day. Our author goes, however, on the convenient assumption that those who care to know about his hero must care to know about his hero's man, and that those who care to know about his hero's man must care to know about the people that his hero's man came across. So when Mr. Hingston goes a sea-voyage the world is informed that "Captain Jones is a cheery, ruddy-faced, good-tempered-looking captain." When Mr. Hingston goes to an hotel the world is informed that "Messrs. Johnson, Saunders, and Co., the proprietors, understood hotel management." When Mr. Hingston has nothing better to give his readers, he can fill four pages with quoting himself. Our readers may not be aware that at San Francisco there is published a newspaper called the *Golden Era*, that its editor is Colonel Lawrence, and that Mr. Hingston seven years ago, with the help, as he tells us, of a Concordance to Shakespeare, managed to produce an article that was admitted into its columns. It is not at first sight quite clear why this article should be transferred in all its length from the *Golden Era* to the pages of the *Genial Showman*. Admitting for the moment that it may have been, as Mr. Hingston asserts, "a source of much amusement to Artemus," nevertheless we are not willing to allow that this justifies its publication. If for the thorough understanding of the character of a humourist we are to embody in his life all that was "a source of much amusement" to him, we had better begin by making extracts from all comic writers from Aristophanes downwards. As it is, if Artemus Ward could really find much amusement in Mr. Hingston's article, we cannot but suspect that it was that sort of amusement which a man finds when he sees a fellow-creature making himself ridiculous.

The entrance-hall of the Burnett House in Cincinnati, "a place resonant with the ring of bells and reeking with the reek of tobacco," will be illustrious to all time as the place where Edward P. Hingston and Charles F. Browne (*alias* Artemus Ward) first became acquainted. Mr. Hingston thus concludes a long account of this interesting meeting—a meeting unparalleled perhaps since Blucher met Wellington after the battle of Waterloo:—

Thus it was that I first met Artemus Ward.

Here follow seven stars, the meaning of which we cannot fathom. We imagine that they are meant as a compliment either to the American flag or to Mr. Hingston's destiny, but we shall not trouble our printer to reproduce them. He goes on to say:—

It was our destiny that we should become intimate in after years. As we shook hands together for the first time I felt that we were to know one another better, and that our first meeting was not to be our last.

Destiny must have had her attention pretty fully occupied in America at this time, having on one hand the course of the civil war to shape, and on the other hand the future meetings of Artemus Ward and Mr. Hingston to arrange:—

Were we ever to go to England and Australia together?

The question was left for Time to answer. In a very few years came the full reply. We were destined to be associated in California among the gold-miners, and in Salt Lake among the Mormons. We were to travel the United States, and be friends in London; but never to visit Australia, nor after leaving American ground were we to meet upon it again any more.

We wonder if, when the celebrated showmen of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, Messrs. Codlin and Short, first met, Destiny gave any sign. She may perhaps stand on her dignity and refuse to come down to the vulgar. She doubtless draws the line at Artemus Ward and Mr. Hingston, and leaves the partners in a *Punch and Judy* show to take care of themselves.

When we consider the plan on which our author works, our wonder is, not that he has filled more than 700 pages with his reminiscences, but that he has ever succeeded in bringing them to an end. He gives some three pages to a description of Pike's Opera House, chiefly because "it was the first theatre to which I

went with Artemus Ward." We are thankful that he spares us an equally long description of the first beefsteak that they ate in common, or of the first drink that they took together. He does indeed inform us where it was that they first "indulged in a drink," and he is particular in specifying that, when going in quest of it, they went down stairs to the bar, and not upstairs. But the most minute particulars are worthy of record in the lives of men whom the world acknowledges to be great. "For hitherto," as Mr. Hingston informs us, "literature had numbered Charles Browne amidst the rank and file of its army; henceforth it was to enter upon its roll-call the name of 'Artemus Ward.'" By the way, we wonder if Mr. Hingston understands the meaning of the term *roll-call*. From the way in which he contrasts it with the rank and file we imagine that he must look upon it as the list of the generals at least. We must not, however, be too severe upon him in such a trifling matter as the meaning of words. The branch of literature to which hitherto he seems chiefly to have devoted his attention is that of puff-writing. On one occasion he tells us that he paid the editors of a newspaper five dollars for the insertion of a puff, but he is exact enough to inform us that he was treated with whisky in return. It is unreasonable to expect that a man who has spent a great part of his life in writing puffs should on a sudden be able to write English. Mr. Hingston indeed has such a thorough love for his art that, even when there is nothing to gain by it, he cannot refrain from putting up everything he comes across. Has he to go to a newspaper-office in a back street? he describes it "as the abode of gloom, in which the slave of the pen shall write brilliant leading articles, or sparkling paragraphs, using the pyrotechny of his art to light up the darkness of his studio." Does he go into a New York oyster-cell? he tells us "that a stranger merely peeping down would fail to form an adequate idea of the luxurious style in which many of these cellars are furnished." We can readily understand how it was that Destiny exerted herself to bring him and Artemus Ward together, for even in America she could scarcely have found a man who was more fitted by his assurance, we might even add by his impudence, to do the work that was required:—

There was a thorough understanding between Artemas and myself that the lecturing expedition was to be regarded in the light of a scheme for making money, and that no feeling of delicacy relative to attracting the attention of the public by means of extensive advertising was to be allowed to stand in the way of doing anything that might conduce to popularity and profit.

We are glad to learn that there was need of such a preliminary undertaking, and that there was at all events a suspicion of the existence of a feeling of delicacy which might, if indulged in, stand in the way of money-making. We do not think that, if Mr. Hingston enters into any other engagement of a similar nature, his employer need trouble himself to come to any such understanding. Let him first read the *Genial Showman*, and he will not be under any anxiety lest among Mr. Hingston's failings is reckoned a feeling of delicacy. We would especially recommend him to turn to an account of a visit to an "embalming establishment," where Mr. Hingston manages to be even more disgusting than his subject. For to the offence that he gives when he describes, he adds the far greater offence that he gives when he moralizes. Here is a man who of his own accord goes to see doctors embalming in the morning and negroes dancing in the evening, and then thinks that he has a right to turn moralist:—

The embalming office of Dr. Brown in the morning—the negro ball in the evening. In the life of the showman, light and shade are often so contrasted.

Any man who has a taste for what is nasty, and also a taste for what is silly, can find contrast enough, whether he be a showman or not. However low a man's tastes may be, it is happily of rare occurrence that any one has the shamelessness to do more than indulge them. Mr. Hingston goes a step further; he utilizes them. He can get ten pages written out of his visits to the embalming office and the negro ball, and a fine moral sentiment into the bargain to wind up a chapter.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

**F**EW reputations have profited more largely than that of the Emperor Tiberius\* by the general revision of historical judgments which has been going on ever since history has been elevated by modern criticism to the rank of a science. The cause of the especial infamy under which Tiberius has laboured is easily discovered. The crimes and vices imputed to him were imposing and picturesque, exciting the imagination by their enormity, and stimulating curiosity by the mystery that enshrouded them. His virtues, those of a just and sagacious administrator, were not likely to attract the attention of the historian so long as his task was limited by his own conception of it to a record of the court, the camp, and the senate. The bright side of Tiberius's character was, therefore, practically nonexistent, and the rigorous estimate of a monarch according to his fulfilment of his public duties, which has destroyed so many splendid reputations, proved highly favourable to his. There are, however, few more conspicuous instances of the invariable tendency of reactions to run into extremes than the recent endeavours to elevate the sullen recluse of Capri into something of a saint, and

\* *Tiberius und Tacitus.* Von L. Freytag. Berlin: Henschel. London: Nutt.

very much of a martyr. Not all historians possess the excellent judgment of Mr. Merivale. Some seem wholly incapable of realizing the union of the jealous tyrant and the conscientious ruler in the same person; others are actuated by the love of paradox; others, again, by the love of despotism, and the feeling that something must in any event be attempted for so stout an enemy of constitutional government. Herr Freytag, the latest apologist, belongs to the first class. He seems to think that he has established a strong *prima facie* case for Tiberius by proving, from Seneca and Philo, that the provinces were satisfied with his government. The whole of his argument is pervaded by the fallacy of the incompatibility of a generally equitable public administration with injustice, cruelty, and ferocity in transactions affecting the personal interest or safety of the sovereign. Such charges, he unconsciously assumes, cannot be true; there must be some means of explaining them away; and as no such means is afforded by the only source of information available upon the subject, this source itself must be tainted and corrupt. The apology of Tiberius hence resolves itself into an impeachment of Tacitus; and as, whatever allowance may reasonably be made for rhetorical colouring, the statements of the historian are not usually assailable on the ground of intrinsic incredibility or inconsistency with each other, recourse is had to the theory of an especial rancour existing against Tiberius in senatorial circles sixty years after his death. This ingenious and not impossible hypothesis has now been advanced frequently enough to obtain the character of a demonstrated fact with those whose purposes it serves. It is, of course, nothing more than a tolerably plausible conjecture; and were it proved, it would still by no means follow that Trajan's senators had not formed a very correct estimate of the character of Tiberius. They certainly had better materials than Herr Freytag, who does not write like a man of sound judgment. The theory on which his work is based betrays great ignorance of human nature; and the tone of it is anything but dispassionate, presumptuous even to arrogance, and bitter even to malevolence. We must say that we consider the character of Tacitus more important to mankind than the character of Tiberius, and that we look with distrust and disfavour on all attempts to unsettle the registered verdict of history on light grounds. The revision of historical judgments is a necessary work, but it should be undertaken in a spirit of seriousness and sobriety, and with a recognition that the burden of proof lies upon those who dispute the accepted view, not upon those who maintain it.

The eighth volume of the chronicles of the cities of Germany published by the Academy of Munich \* contains, appropriately enough under present circumstances, a portion of the Chronicles of Strasburg. Two of these records are comprised in it—the chronicle of F. Closener, written in 1362; and that of Twinger von Königshofen, about 1400. The latter annalist does not confine himself very strictly to the history of his city, but communicates much miscellaneous information respecting "Troilus who made the first carriage, Euseclepius the first physician," and similar pieces of erudition. The volume is prefaced by two interesting essays—one treating of the history and constitution of Strasburg, the other of its historians.

The Prussian spirit in which Professor W. Müller's chronicle of the year 1869 † is composed seems, either from an actual moderation of tone or from our having been lately accustomed to much stronger utterances to the same effect, less marked than on former occasions. It is a useful publication, both on the grounds which always render a well-written political retrospect serviceable, and exceptionally so as affording a gauge whereby to estimate the mutation occasioned by recent events in the affairs of Europe.

The brothers Schlagintweit are the driest of travellers; it seems unaccountable how men of culture, who have explored such interesting regions of the earth, should be such mere machines for registering barometrical, magnetic, geological, and geognostical observations. These, no doubt, possess sufficient utility to insure the preservation of their writings for the sake of reference; but there is an utter want of the human interest which, whether derived from the personal adventures of the voyager, or his own sympathetic observation of men and things, constitutes the life, spirit, and salt of a book of travel. The countries annotated upon, we cannot say described, in the present volume are Tibet, Nepal, and Bhutan. A considerable amount of information is communicated, though the value even of this is impaired by the length of time which has elapsed between the performance of the journey and the publication of the book. The most interesting chapter is that on the Buddhism of Tibet, mainly an abridgment of a large work on the same subject by one of the brothers. It is curious to remark the alliance of the simple religion of Buddha with the Shamanism of the Tartars, and how the Buddhist priests, who originally treated the aboriginal superstitions with forbearance from the same motives which have actuated Christian missionaries in corresponding cases, now encourage beliefs which they find conducive to their own influence. It is also curious to find the old deities of the Hindu Pantheon discharging the office of tutelary genii, an inverse metamorphosis to that undergone by the ancient divinities in Europe. The book is illustrated by several excellent plates.

\* *Die Chroniken der deutschen Städte vom 14. bis ins 16. Jahrhundert.* Bd. 2. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart.* Von W. Müller. 1869. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Rosen in Indien und Hochasien.* Von Hermann von Schlagintweit.—Sakalinski. Bd. 2. Jena: Costenoble. London: Williams & Norgate.

A work of travel in the Caucasus \*, undertaken in a purely scientific spirit, might reasonably be expected to prove a very dry book. We cannot call Dr. Radde the most entertaining of writers; he is properly attentive to the strictly practical aims of his official employers, and the form in which his book is published bespeaks of itself an utter indifference to the honours of the circulating library. Nevertheless, such is the virtue of a flow of spirits and a hearty enjoyment of the subject, that this storehouse of scientific observations, sparingly relieved by little incidents of travel and brief descriptions of scenery, is really both interesting and readable. It is to be continued annually. The first volume describes an expedition in the highlands of Mingrelia. The traveller's object was twofold—to obtain a clear idea of the physical configuration of the district, and to give a full and accurate description of its natural products. Abundant particulars of both have been amassed, and there is also not a little relating to the manners and the history of the inhabitants, with specimens of their national poetry.

Professor Kramer †, in the preface to the second volume of his biography of the illustrious geographer Carl Ritter, apologizes for the defects of his work in a manner calculated to disarm criticism, without satisfying it. Veneration for Ritter's memory has probably prevented him from stating the actual and fully adequate reason, that the historian of the geographer's later years has undertaken the task of producing bricks without straw. Ritter's geographical labours are not susceptible of quotation or commentary; and his life, so far as it is of public interest, is pretty nearly summed up in the bare statement of his having performed them. It may with justice be added that he was unequalled as a teacher and admirable as a man; but even these facts form a slender groundwork for Professor Kramer's hundred and sixty pages, and afford no sort of excuse for the three hundred pages of very ordinary letters, written during foreign tours, which are inflicted upon us in addition. It is not the first time that what might have been a good book has been spoiled by the groundless notion that a great writer is, *ipso facto*, entitled to a great biography. A pickpocket whose life is crowded with adventures is, in a biographical point of view, a more promising subject than a sage who has immortalized himself without stirring from his armchair.

There is much more of real interest in a little biographical brochure ‡ entitled "The Frommann Family and their Friends," although the writer does not succeed in impressing us with any very profound respect for the importance of the biography of the family apart from the biography of the friends. The interest of the book chiefly centres in Goethe, who is represented in a very advantageous light. Some of the little traits here recorded of him would alone suffice to decide the controversy respecting his goodness of heart. The only point in his biography on which any additional light is thrown is his attachment to Minna Herzlieb, which is here represented in a much less serious point of view than in Stahl's recently published work. It is not disputed, however, that she was the Ottolie of the *Wahlverwandschaften*. Some particulars, interesting in themselves, and more particularly so from their bearing on recent events, are given of the behaviour of the French after the battle of Jena, in which town the Frommann family resided. Their conduct seems to have been in general much better than is usually supposed, though some few officers, it is said, comported themselves in such a manner "that their very mothers would not have owned them."

The great majority of the "noble women" whose histories are narrated by Angelika von Lagerström § are Englishwomen. We will not inquire too curiously whether the circumstance is a proof of the abundance of noble women in England, or of female biographies in English, but will be content with bearing testimony to the general ability with which the compiler's materials have been worked up. The pertinency of the epithet on the title-page may be questioned in some instances, but the ladies selected by Madame von Lagerström are in all cases at least remarkable women, whose stories bear telling very well.

Madame Reichardt Stromberg's answer to Fanny Lewald's work on the employment and education of women || would be something to the point if the authoress were prepared to supply every needy woman with a home and a husband. Failing these, we see nothing advanced to affect Madame Lewald's propositions that the increasing difficulty of procuring a livelihood necessitates an expansion of the sphere of female employment, and that this in turn demands a corresponding extension and improvement of female education.

The series of pamphlets against Papal infallibility now in course of publication at Munich has been reinforced by an essay from the pen of Professor Reinkens ¶, of the University of Breslau, which would be significant indeed if it could be regarded as indicative of

\* *Berichte über die biologisch-geographischen Untersuchungen in den Kaukasusländern.* Ausgeführt von Dr. G. Radde. Jahrgang 1. Tiflis: Buchdruckerei der Civil-Hauptverwaltung. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Carl Ritter. Ein Lebensbild nach seinem handschriftlichen Nachlass dargestellt.* Von G. Kramer. Th. 2. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Das Frommannsche Hau. und seine Freunde. 1792-1837.* Von F. J. Frommann. Jena: Frommann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Edle Frauen. Skizzen.* Von Angelika von Lagerström. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate,

|| *Frauenrecht und Fraueneinführung. Eine Antwort auf Fanny Lewald's Briefe.* Von Mathilde Reichardt Stromberg. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Über päpstliche Unfehlbarkeit. Einige Reflexionen.* Von Dr. J. H. Reinkens. München: Oldenbourg. London: Williams & Norgate.

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the general feeling of the theological faculties in German Universities. It is not so remarkable for cogency of reasoning, which indeed the argument hardly requires, as for the hearty denunciation and positive derision heaped on the Pope's asserted prerogative.

Gustav Werner\* is a practical philanthropist, whose life has been devoted to the foundation of asylums for the destitute and criminal classes. The main principle of his system appears to be an unbounded reliance on healthy, honest, constant employment as a specific against all manner of moral evils. As is usually the case with the founders of similar institutions, this earnest philanthropy is combined with deep religious feeling. Werner's sanguine enthusiasm appears to have betrayed him into some financial miscalculations which seriously crippled his undertaking. The experiment was nevertheless remarkable and encouraging, evident as it is that both its successes and its disasters were much less due to any novelty in principle than to the personal qualities of its conductor.

The results of Dr. W. Thomsen's † minute examination of the vestiges of Teutonic influence on the Finnish language are that these traces are very considerable; that they do not establish an original community of race, but extensive borrowings by the less civilized people, as in the case of the Lithuanians; that these appropriations must have been made before the Finns occupied their present settlements, to which they came from the interior of Russia, and that a Teutonic race must consequently at one period have inhabited that region along with them. It is highly interesting thus to obtain a glimpse of the German family on its way from the Caspian to the Rhine; and an inspection of Dr. Thomsen's comparative tables of language will convince any one that the affinities he points out are by no means fanciful or accidental, however they may have been brought about. In his opinion the Finnish language has undergone hardly any alteration for the last fifteen hundred years.

Some ancient sculptures in Sweden, which had long defied the ingenuity of expositors, have been at length explained by Professor Säve‡ as relating the legend of Sigurd slaying the dragon Fafnir. The discovery is especially interesting as, from the total want of MSS. containing ancient poetry and legends in Sweden, there has hitherto been no positive proof of the currency of the Nibelungen tradition in the country. An appendix by the translator, Professor Mestorf, enumerates several other archaeological objects supposed to refer to it, but neither the antiquity nor the reference is always clearly ascertained.

Dr. Röp̄s will probably shock the patriotic feeling of his countrymen by his assertion that, though the legendary subject of the Nibelungen epic is very grand, the execution of the poem itself is very indifferent. Three modern poets have essayed to display the real significance of the myth. As Hebbel's treatment is unsatisfactory, and Geibel's episodical, the palm of success has, in the critic's opinion, been reserved for Wilhelm Jordan, in whose work he discovers the utmost profundity of meaning. Whether this intensity of purport actually exists is not discoverable from the extracts adduced, which bespeak a masculine energy of style and a somewhat pedantic endeavour after archaic effect through copious alliteration and a free employment of obsolete words, in the fashion of Wagner's "Ring der Nibelungen."

"The Last Burgomaster of Strasburg,"|| a patriotic drama, may not uncharitably be suspected of being a mere *piece de circonstance*, but is in that point of view a very creditable performance. It represents the sturdy patriotism of Diedrich, "the last burgomaster," in conflict with the intrigues and arrogance of the French, the treachery or timidity of his colleagues in the municipality, and the discord of the aristocracy and the people. The situation is depicted with remarkable vigour and dignity of diction, and unflagging energy of action. The artistic effect is rather impaired by piece of claptrap in the form of an epilogue. The patriotic burgomaster has no sooner been led into captivity than mournful music begins to play, and after the least interval that can with any decency be made to pass for 289 years, Germany enters with a sword in her right hand, a flag in her left, and a newspaper article done into blank verse in her mouth.

There is a vein of genuine poetry in Hans Kraus's ¶ sentimental lyrics, and considerable spirit in some of his political verses. The chief want is a want of substance.

\* *Die Gustav Wernerschen Rettungsanstalten in Reutlingen.* Herausgegeben von G. von Orlitz. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ueber den Einfluss der Germanischen Sprachen auf die Finnisch-Lappischen.* Von Dr. W. Thomsen. Aus dem Dänischen übersetzt von E. Sievers. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Siegfriedbilder, beschrieben und erklärt.* Von Prof. C. Säve. Aus dem Schwedischen übersetzt von J. Mestorf. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

§ *Die moderne Nibelungendichtung. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Hebbel, Hebel, und Jordan.* Von Dr. G. R. Röp̄s. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

|| *Der letzte Bürgermeister von Strassburg. Vaterländisches Drama in fünf Akten.* Von K. Biedermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Tagebuch-Blätter. Gedichte.* Von Hans Kraus. Innsbrück: Wagner. London: Nutt.

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